Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XV. PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 5, 1836. Whole No. 762.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

TO EMELINE.

Midst all the dear, and valued ones who claim
A kind remembrance in thy youthful breast
Respected friend, I fain would have my name,
By memory's hand inscribed among the rest—
And when in future years, though far away
And many kindly whispered words of praise,
Or when the untiring powers of memory,
Love to recall the scenes of by gone days—
Deign to bestow a passing thought on me,
However bless'd may be thy happy lot,
And if thou art clouded in adversity!
Midst draughts of dearer friends, forget me not.

J. G. M.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

Mr. Editor.—Through the politeness of its highly gifted and accomplished author, we have been permitted with the no small pleasure of perusing a manuscript copy of the new tragedy of "Alphonzo, or the King of Naples," by a young gentleman, now a Medical Student in the University of this city. A play (his first attempt,) which, take it "all in all," in our humble judgment of such matters we think is destined, and deservedly too, to take at once no unenviable station among the most splendid effusions of the American Tragic Muse.

Though well aware of the many and serious objections against furnishing extracts from a well written play, where every sentence is so intimately the emanation of what has gone before, or the inexplicated dependant of something as yet to be revealed, that it is utterly impossible for the reader of such, either to enter correctly into the spirit of the subject, rightly to comprehend the peculiar isolated shadings of the characters, or justly to appreciate the manners, sentiments, and detached, yet most important delineations of the author. Yet, notwithstanding all this, we have ventured, (but with no small degree of reluctance on behalf of the author,) to take at random the enclosed extract, which, although it may not serve as any just criterion of the merits of the play, may nevertheless suffice in some measure, to convey, at least, a faint idea of the writer's style, tact, and method, in his portraiture of events—which, providing, it should be deemed appropriate to your columns, by giving it an insertion there, you will not only confer a fostering smile upon one in every respect most worthy of your favour, and the advancement of our common country's literature, but entail a *very particular* obligation upon your friends, &c. &c. of the F. A. Association.

P. S. Since writing the foregoing, we have heard it surmised that distinguished native tragedian Mr. A. A. Addams, would probably sustain one of the leading characters of the play, providing it should be concluded to submit it to the stage—to the powerful effect of which we consider it quite as faithfully adapted as it is most eminently calculated for the rich, sumptuous intellectual banquet of the closet.

ACT II.—scene 1st.

A magnificent apartment in the royal palace with a wide corridor opening towards the sea, through which an extensive view of the Bay of Naples, is discovered. A small table at upper centre, covered with books, papers, &c. &c.; upon each side of which stands a crimson couch of the most sumptuous elegance. Alphonzo discovered reclining upon the couch on the left, and Italia with her guitar seated on the right.

Ita. Nay, come then father, we will let that pass,
And since my song has lost its wonted charm,
I'll try what spell in reading yet remains.
Shall I read dear father?—nay, thou'lt listen.
Alp. Why, to please thy mood I will abide the
Change. But then, what has thou there that's new?
Ita. Well, this perchance the newest—
(*Laying her guitar back upon the couch, and taking up a small volume.*)
A narrative in manuscript.
Unknown to me the hand—nor date, nor title
Bearing,—but much I judge a tale of ancient
Naples. Tho' small, most deep the interest is,
And it 'twould please you, I will read it o'er!

[illegible]

Alp. Was sent to her!—well, the sequel?
Ita. And that were soon o'ercounted.
The prince at length recovered;
When restless less by far, the bounding vessel
Sweeps before the gale—than he, when dawning
Reason flashed upon his mind, and all the
Stores of memory's faithful page, with throbbing
Heart, wild, bursting with desires, impatient
Rushed to meet his soul's best part, and warmly
Clasp her in love's dear embrace!—but alas!
Alp. He safe arrived?
Ita. Just in time to hear her parting
Words—the dying curses of a maniac's soul!
Alp. Oh, avenging Heavens!—memory!—fierce,
Fire-lined, withering memory—thy lightening
Blast, but all too faithful, painfully too true!
Yet, e'en still I feel the harrowing judgment
Of that wrathful hour!—and, she died?
Ita. Leaving a lovely infant to the world, her
Own bright image, scarce then five months old.
Alp. Her own bright image!—(*looking passionately for a time upon Italia—mentally.*) Yes!
Yes in truth, her sweet celestial image!
Well, what followed?
Ita. In much regret the manuscript here ends—
Save briefly adding—that the prince survived,
And rose in time to wealth and kingly power.
Alp. And was happy?
Ita. Of that 'tis silent.—But I doubt it much.
Alp. Thou doubtst it much!—well, and the child?
Ita. Tho' lost her mother, to womanhood she grew;
Found in her father a tenfold parent's love,
A faithful, tender, tenfold parent's care.
Alp. And of her mother?
Ita. Above her dust the sarcophagus arose,
More noble far than princely grandeur shares.
Alp. Yet it were vain—poor, empty mockery!
Ita. Nay, deem not so dear father—it spoke most
Deep, the sacred, fond affections of his soul!—
Nor were the tribute lost—truth's holiest offering!
In Heaven's eternal chancery 'tis closed—
In Heaven's eternal ballance 'twill be flung,
And on that day of fearful, just awards,
I will far o'erpoise the destinies of Fate!

From the Amulet for 1836.

THE DROWNED FISHERMAN.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

In the immediate neighbourhood of Duncannon Fort, along that portion of the coast which contracts into the Waterford river, there are a number of scattered cottages standing either singly or in small clusters along a wild and picturesque sea-shore—more wild, perhaps, than beautiful, although the infinite number of creeks, and bays, and overhanging rocks, vary the prospect at every hundred yards; and I know nothing more delightful than to row during a long summer evening, from the time when the sun abates his fierceness until the moon has fairly risen upon the waters, nothing more delightful than to row—now in, now out, now under the hanging rocks, now close upon the silver-sanded bays, where thousands of many coloured shells form the most beautiful Mosaic beneath the transparent waters. So deep is the tranquility of land and sea during those happy hours, that travellers would find it difficult to believe they were really floating beneath the shadow of the Irish coast; that the lovely village of Templemore sinking on the brink of the Waterford river, was inhabited by the "savage cut-throats," which it is the delight of a peculiar party to denominate the suffering peasantry of a land who for centuries have "laughed and laboured" upon worse food and worse treatment, than we in rich and happy England, bestow upon our dogs—oh, it makes my heart ache, and my blood boil, when I think of what I have seen, and contrast it with what I hear; when I remember that whether priest-ridden or law-ridden, the heads of either party have been fanatics or worse—but what have I to do with this? I love the green turf of my native country, I laugh at its follies, I weep over its sorrows and grieve for its crimes; ah! a woman's smiles and a woman's tears are alike useless—but what have you, gentle reader to do with that? I have never entered upon, and do not wish to enter upon, any subject that trenches on the *political* grievances of Ireland; I can only pray—which I do with all my heart and soul!—that times may mend, and speedily. I have endeavoured to win the suffrages of my dear English friends for the virtues and domestic privations of my *humble* countrywomen; and I have endeavoured to show to Irish people how their besetting sins of carelessness and inconsiderateness might be corrected—corrected without much trouble, and with great advantage to themselves; as far as Ireland is concerned I have no ambition beyond what I have stated, and having so said, I will tell my story:

"And what 'ud ail the boat but to do? Sure she's done, ay, and done a dale for us, this ten years; and as to the hole, Jemmy 'ill plug his hat into it, or stick in a piece of *sail cloth*, and what 'ud ail her then, but sail God bless her!—like a swan or a curlew, as she always does!"

"Dermot—Dermot, darling! listen to me for one't!"

"Faith," replied Dermot to his better half, Kate Browne, while his keen blue eye twinkled with that mixture of wit and humour so truly Irish, "Faith, my dear, I'll accommodate you in any way I can, for I'll listen to you one't for three speakings—come, out with it, and don't stand twisting your face that was one't so purty as to win the heart and hand of the handsomest man in the parish, and that is—myself, Dermot Browne at your service, Mistress Kate Browne, madam! Don't keep lengthening your face to the length of a herring-net, but out with it!—out with it!—at one't!"

"Dermot, I've got the box of tools quite convenient; I brought it with me to the shore, and the last time I was in Waterford, I bought all sortings of nails, large and small; and there's plenty of *board* in the shed—and Dermot, mend the hole, and God bless you!—sure its the sore heart I'd have when you'd be on the wather, to think that any harm would happen you—it won't take you any thing like an hour —"

"An hour! God bless the woman, why a body would think you had never been a fisherman's wife!

[illegible]

"Ah, thin, let me alone Mistress Browne dear!" exclaimed the girl. "And good bye, for the present, ma'am; I'm sure the child 'ill be woke before this, and mother is carding wool, so she'll want me now."

"Good bye, Statia—but stop child; Benjie desired me to put you in mind, that you promised to hem the neckerchief for him; and tell your mother, jewel, that if she'l let you come down to my cabin to-night, when the *gossols* are all in bed, I'll be for ever obliged to her; Browne and the boy are out to sea, and there's something over me that I don't care to be quite alone this blessed night: so come down, a lannen,—and then you can hem the neckerchief—before morning."

"I will, I will," said the maiden, with whom smiles had already taken the place of tears, for she loved Mrs. Browne's cottage almost better than her own; "I will and I've learnt a new song; oh, I shall be so happy!" and she danced up the cliffs with all the light gaiety of fifteen!

The fisherman's wife, set her house in order and then commenced mending her husband's nets. It would have been evident to any observer, that her mind was ill at ease, for instead of pursuing her occupation with her usual steadiness, she frequently suffered the hard meshes to drop from her bony fingers, and the wooden needle to lie idle on her lap. She would rise and peer from her small window, or more frequently still from the open door, into the heavens, but there was no cause for disquiet in their aspect—the moon was in her full, calm glory; and the stars bright, glittering, and countless, waited round her throne as handmaids silently attending upon their mistress. She could see the reflection of the moonbeams on the far-way waters—but her ear, practised as it was, could hardly catch the murmur of the ocean, so profound was its repose; and yet Kate continued restless and feverish. Benjamin was her only surviving child—although five others had called her mother—and, indeed, while he was absent from her, she felt that undefined, but perfectly natural, dread which steals over a sensitive mind for the welfare of a beloved object, whenever the one is separated from the other.

It was a great relief to her spirits when she heard the light foot of Statia Byrne on her threshold, and she felt new-sprung hope within her heart when she looked into the bright eyes and observed the full smile of the joyous girl.

"They're all a-bed, and the baby went off to sleep without an *hushow!* and mother says, as your all alone by yourself, I might stay with you all night, Mrs. Browne, and so I will, if you please—and I've brought my needle; and—I'll hem the handkerchief, if you please—and then, maybe—maybe you'd show me how you mend nets—I should so like to mend Mister Browne's herring net; he gave mother (God bless him!) as many herrings last year as lasted all Lent!—I'm sure we can never forget it to him."

"Pray for him then, Stacy—pray on your bended knees—for Dermot and Benjamin Browne this night."

"Why so I will," rejoined the girl—astonished at the woman's earnestness of manner—"but the night is fine, the sky is blue, the waters clear as chrystal; they've been out many a night, when the winds do be blowing the waves into the sky, and I've wondered to see you heart-easy about them—what, then, ails you to night?"

"God knows!" replied Kate Browne, with a heavy sigh, "I think I'll go over my *bades* a bit; ough Stacy, darling, it's a fine thing to have the religion to turn to when our heart turns against every thing else." Kate sprinkled herself with holy water out of a small chalice, and knelt down, with a "decket" of beads in her hands, to "say her prayers;" almost unwittingly, she repeated them aloud, but they had, in a degree, lost their soothing power, and she mingled the anxieties of earth with her petitions, not to heaven but to its inhabitants; her "mingled yarn" ran thus:—

"Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us,—Statia, open the door, agra, and listen, myself thinks the wind's rising—'now, and in the hour'—the cat! avourneen, don't you see the cat at the herring-tub, bad luck to that cat!—' now, and in the hour of death!'" There was a long pause, and she continued murmuring her petitions, and speaking aloud her anxieties, while Statia went on hemming the handkerchief; at last she looked up at her young companion and inquired, "Where did I leave off, my darling, was it at 'Virgin most powerful,' or at 'Queen of Confessors?'"

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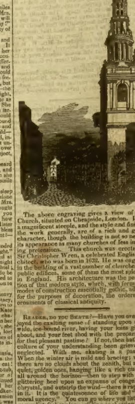
pleasant to see how perfectly her simple life is an illustration of the pathetic exclamation of the Jewish damsel, "Thy people, shall be my people, and thy God my God!" She manages admirably between her "two mothers," as she calls them, so that the one may not be jealous of the other; but though she has had many suitors for her hand, she has never forgotten—the drowned fisherman!

BOW CHURCH—LONDON.



The above engraving gives a view of Bow Church, situated on Cheapside, London. It has a magnificent steeple, and the style and finish of the work generally, are of a rich and gaudy character, though the building is not so neat in its appearance as many churches of less imposing pretensions. This church was erected by Sir Christopher Wren, a celebrated English architect, who was born in 1632. He was engaged in the building of a vast number of churches and public edifices, some of them the most splendid in England. His architecture was the perfection of that modern style, which, with forms and modes of construction essentially gothic, adopts, for the purposes of decoration, the orders and ornaments of classical antiquity.

Reader, do you Skate?—Have you ever enjoyed the exalting sense of standing upon some wide, ice-bound river, having your loins girded about, and your feet shod with the preparation for that pleasant pastime? If not, then hath the culture of your understanding been grievously neglected. With me, skating is a passion. When the winter air is mild and bracing; when there are no clouds about the zenith, but a few quiet, golden ones, hanging like a rich curtain all around the horizon—then to step with your glittering heel upon an expanse of congelated chrystal, and outstrip the wind—there is rapture in it. It is the quintessence of life and "free moral agency." You can go *where* you list, and *as* you list, fast or slow; gliding or shooting over the arena where you are disporting, until it is with lines "both centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,"—and you feel that you have done wonders. I love to push onward in a straight line, or to wheel in curious circumgyrations, forming parallels and circles on my bright high-dutchers; leaving droves behind, and feeling at my heart the fiery glow of the skater's ambition, until the city, with its spires and flags floating the sky, disappears in the distance.

There is nothing like it,—for it is, next to a sleigh ride, the very soul of existence. Nature, to me, is very beautiful in winter. How pure the air! What loveliness, surpassing even the spring time, rests on the landscape! The hills, pale and blue, afar; the vales and plains, dotted with farm yards, where the herds are huddled "in their cots secure," and the yellow straw and green hay, marks the place of their pleased imprisonment. From the barn you hear the cheerful jingling of bells; and all around you, when you gain some eminence, you behold the shining lakes and mountains, bright as silver in the beams of the sun! Then again, winter is so perfectly salubrious. Sanctified and enshrined in its atmosphere, "the dog, the horse, the rat,"

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EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE.

Washington, Feb. 20, 1836.

The Rotunda of the Capitol, is invariably an object of great curiosity to strangers. It is 96 feet in diameter, and 96 feet high, including the dome, which forms the ceiling. The sides of this spacious room are divided, in its whole circuit, into panels, separated by massy Roman pilasters, which support a bold entablature, ornamented with wreaths of olive. The upper part of the great panels are decorated with festoons of flowers, scrolls and wreaths; four of them encircling the busts of Columbus, Sir Walter Raleigh, La Salle and Cabot. The smaller panels, over the doors of entrance, are occupied with sculpture subjects, among which are—the landing of the pilgrim fathers, from the chisel of Caucici; the preservation of Captain Smith by Pocahontas, by Cappeland; the treaty with the Indians by William Penn, by Gevelot, and the conflict between Boon and the Indians, by Caucici, all subjects of great interest, and extremely well executed. The lower panels are appropriated to paintings of a historical character, and those already filled contain, the Declaration of Independence—a magnificent painting—the surrender of Gen. Burgoyne, at Saratoga, Resignation of Gen. Washington, at Annapolis, 1783, and the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, at Yorktown, all by Colonel Trumbull. Several hours may therefore be spent in the Rotunda, very profitably, in examining these great historical works, commemorating some of the most important events in our history.

Owing to the peculiar construction of this room it is almost useless for colloquial purposes, as you can scarcely hear what is said at a distance of twenty feet. It is, in fact, a perfect Babel of sounds, the slamming of a door producing a noise like thunder. It is said, however, that as a musical room, the effect is delightful, and that with an ordinary musical box, the effect is, as if a whole band of music was performing, or as if the pealing of the full-toned organ swelled upon the ear. The dome of the rotundo possesses a rare curiosity—a fine whispering gallery, equal to the celebrated whispering gallery of St. Paul's, London, but it is now inaccessible.

The Senate Chamber is a large semi-circular room, of the same general form as the House of Representatives. Its dimensions are—75 feet in its greatest length, or diameter, 45 feet in its greatest width, and 45 feet high. Its decorations are very handsome and imposing, and in its general appearance there is an air of neatness and comfort, not to be found in the Hall of the lower House. A gallery, divided into two apartments runs around the room, at the north end of which, there is a splendid picture of the bust of Washington, by Rembrandt Peale, elegantly framed and draperied. This picture is considered the best likeness of Gen. Washington extant. Until the present session of Congress, ladies and other spectators were admitted on the floor of the Senate, and permitted to occupy the handsome sofas in the lobby, back of the seats of the Senators, but this year the ladies have been driven into the gallery, it having been found that their presence below, materially interfered with the time and attention of Senators.

The first time I entered the Senate Chamber, Judge White was on the floor, defending himself against charges that had been made against him, for his vote of last session on the Three Million Appropriation Bill. I found him, in appearance, a spare, thin, enervated old man, evidently near seventy years of age, with a face strongly marked by strong feelings, and a head indicative of thought, energy and talent. Some say that there is a strong personal resemblance between Judge White and Gen. Jackson, but I was unable to discover it myself, the face of each is strongly marked with furrows and indentations, but the cast of countenance is entirely dissimilar. Judge White I should take to be a man of energetic character, with strong prejudices and passions, held in subjection, however, by the power of his own reason and judgment.—His speech interested me much, though his manner was not pleasing. He rebutted, as if with a wounded spirit, the allegations made against him, and was evidently chagrined, that a man like him, too far advanced towards the vale of years to mingle in the petty contentions of party, or to cherish any other feeling than a desire to do right, should not be above the reach of the barking curs who are forever snarling at the heels of every man of any pretensions to honesty or ability, whom they cannot subjugate to their own purposes.

Of course I looked anxiously for the seats occupied by the Senators from Pennsylvania, to see if there was any distinction, in appearance, between them and other Senators. The bulky form, and the fat, good-humoured face of Mr. McKean, I found immediately before Mr. Van Buren, and the more polished and diplomatic—(in dress and manner at least)—outline of Mr. Buchanan, a little to the right of his colleague, on the last range of seats, and adjoining the renowned but diminutive Isaac Hill, of New Hampshire. Mr. McKean is a pretty fair representative of the fat and thriving farmers of Pennsylvania—though not happy in debate, he is a man of good judgment, industrious in his legislative business, and very attentive to his constituents. He possesses a large fund of good humour, and is very pleasant in conversation.—Buchanan, on the other hand, appears to be all formality and reserve, and as cold as an icicle. He dresses in a neat suit of black, and, bachelor like, pays great attention to his outward appearance, perhaps with a view of making a favorable impression upon some one of the fair spectators in the gallery. He is, however, a man of considerable talent, judging from a speech I heard him deliver on the French Question, which was fluent and at times eloquent. He sustained the views of the Executive, on this topic, and said a good many hard things of Louis Philippe, which might as well been left unsaid, now that all hope of a quarrel with France has vanished.

My intercourse with the members of the Senate, so far, has been too brief to enable me to give you a more extended sketch of these dignitaries, at this time, but I cannot conclude this letter, without saying a word or two of Calhoun, with whom, as I expected I should be, I am delighted. He is, in truth, a man of splendid abilities, and the reports that you have heard of the power and capacity of his intellect, were not exaggerated in the least. In conversation he is really fascinating—so lively, spirited and entertaining, and withall so gentlemanly in his deportment and so easy and pleasing in his manners. And then what he says is so much to the point—no circumlocution—no redundancy of expression—no hesitation to find proper words—but all fire, animation and soul. I wish you could converse with him for half an hour, if it were only to notice his sententious method of expression, which is, I am assured, one of his prominent characteristics, as well in his private intercourse as in his speeches in the Senate.—What a pity it is that our country cannot boast many more such men as Calhoun, and what a pity it is that he, and the very few that are in some respects like him, are not more justly appreciated by our people. There would be a wonderful saving of time, and labour, and money, if all our Congressmen were as brief and as pithy in their speeches as Mr. C. for I verily believe that he can say more, and better, in half the time and space, necessary for almost any other of the distinguished orators, who occasionally undertake to enlighten their constituents, while they are boring their colleagues, by a two or three day's harangue, in illustration of the difference between "tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee."

I neglected to speak in my last letter, of the very great pleasure I derived, not long since, in attending the annual meeting of the American Historical Society, before the members of which, and a large assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, Gov. Cass, Secretary of War, delivered a most eloquent discourse. The object of this Society is, as I understand it, the collection and preservation of facts, incidents and curiosities, connected with the early history of both North and South America, with particular reference, of course, to our own immediate territory, and I am told that already a mass of information, of a deeply interesting character, has been collected. Gov. Cass is President of this institution, and his address, which occupied nearly two hours, was a most able and learned review of its proceedings, from the date of its organization up to the present time, embracing, as you will readily suppose, very pointed reference to the country of the ancient classics, and the antiques of former ages. Altogether the address exhibited strong intellectual powers, and high classical attainments, and it proved, very clearly to my mind, that the accomplished orator is a man of extensive reading, and well versed in ancient as well as in modern literature. The address, I presume, will be published.

INCIDENT AT THE THEATRE.

Georgetown, D. C. Feb. 12.

At the National Theatre on Wednesday night the 10th inst. we witnessed some traits of the Indian Character, which were very interesting, and which produced a thrilling sensation in a crowded house. They deserve record not only as the highest compliment, that of nature, to the merits of the management and company of the theatre, but as a remarkable, and at the present time, most impressive illustration of the untameable ferocity of our aboriginal tribes.

It should be mentioned for the information of those abroad, that there is now nightly performing at this theatre, a national drama by Mr. Custis, on the well known incidents of Pocahontas and the settlement of Virginia. The drama has been produced with a truth and splendor of dramatic representation which in its own peculiar line, it would be perhaps impossible to equal in any other part of the United States. This will be readily acknowledged when we mention the fact that the entire costume, has been selected by permission of the government, from the magnificent and unique collection, in the possession of the Indian Bureau at the War Office, and in most instances were the very dresses worn in the field by celebrated chieftains and braves in the various tribes along our frontier. The scenery too, and other decorations are extremely picturesque and imposing.

By far the most interested spectators of this drama on the night in question were a deputation of northern Indians of the Potowotamy tribe, from our extreme Canadian frontier, who had never been in Washington before, and who fresh from the forest and the prairie, were ignorant alike, of the English language, and of the forms and manners of civilized life.

The movements and the conduct of this party during the representation of the play, were watched with extreme interest. To every thing else around them, the lights, the company, the splendor, the confusion of a theatre, they showed true Indian apathy, being apparently as unconscious of them, as if they had no existence. To the stage every eye was directed, and in the movements there every faculty of each individual in the party was absorbed. The graceful bearing and form of Mrs. Rogers, who in a splendid dress, with a diadem of feathers, looked and acted Pocahontas to perfection, in particular excited great admiration; and they frequently grunted out their satisfaction with their most expressive "*ughs!*"

In the second act takes place the grand dramatic spectacle of the coronation of Powhatan, and an Indian pantomime dance by all the characters. This greatly delighted the aborigines, who gazed on every movement with eyes that spoke rapture, and with contortions of pleasure in every limb. One young warrior, especially, gave vent to his feelings by a shrill shriek of applause, which had an irresistibly ludicrous effect upon the audience. But that which most intensely interested them, was the grand battle scene at the close, and the terrific fight between Matacoran and Percy. It was evident that they considered the thunders of the mimic artillery (by the bye rather too plentifully administered,) the rolling of the drums—the clashing of the swords, and the shouts of the combatants, as the dread enactment before them at a real battle, and the whole soul of the warrior brave was stirred within him by the sight. One stern and athletic chief, who we understood was the head of his tribe, in particular, presented a spectacle absolutely terrible in the absorbing attention with which he regarded the combat,—bending forward with distented eyeballs, and clenched teeth, and a compression of muscular energy which seemed as if his fingers would bite through the moulding of the box, by which he supported himself—breathing all the time with a suppression, of effort, that plainly showed how ardently he longed to mingle in the deadly conflict,—till finally giving full sway to the terrific passion, which every one saw had been roused within him, he appalled the audience, by pealing out with his companions the dread war whoop of his nation—and using such hideous demonstrations as plainly showed how much he longed to possess himself of the scalp of poor Percy.

There was something painful in the effect which this unexpected demonstration produced upon the audience. The fearful yell, the dread harbinger of bloody exultation, pealed out in that unwonted place, in the full fierceness of of the Indian's heart, attracted shuddering looks to the grim savages who uttered it, and conveyed every mind by an unconscious transition to Florida, where fancy could scarce avoid hearing the counterpart of the appalling shout, raised in bloody reality, in a contest in which the countrymen of all and the relations of many them present, might at the very moment be actually engaged.—*Metropolitan.*

From the New York Mirror.

The Tables Turned—A Tale of Leap Year.

BY A YOUTH ABOUT TOWN.

Reader, did you ever, in your boyish days, (for I assume, on my own responsibility, the fact that you were once young,) when your utmost literary felicity was the possession of a few leaves, by courtesy called a book, and filled with pictures arrayed in colours, far surpassing in brilliancy the bungling attempts of Dame Nature; did you ever, while in the halcyon state of existence, meet with a little work, representing the world turned upside down—fishes angling for men, (alas, for poor Izack Walton!) horses drawn by their former drivers, (alas for our omnibus Jehus!) and divers other such ingenious devices? If you are so very fortunate as to have seen this prodigy of genius, then, and then only can you form any conception of the state of anarchy now existing in the masculine-feminine world.

The sun was brightly beaming, on the second day of the new-year, upon two fair damsels, who had ascended almost at the same instant, the step of a young bachelor's lodgings in Broadway. The bell was rung, and while they are waiting its response, I will honour you, my reader, with an introduction to them; so that, should one of them chance to lose her footing, you may be at liberty to pick her up. When I saw that the damsels were fair, I spoke metaphorically only; for though Miss Dorothea Bridget Beaumont was fair as the white of your eye, *ma belle* reader, and was blessed with locks as rosy as your cheek—our other heroine, Miss Emeline Julia Adelgitha Stubbs, reminded you rather of the dark, downy blush on the peach, which tells how rich the soul of sweetness dwells within. For my own part, I must confess a lurking preference for Miss Emeline Julia Adelgitha Stubbs; especially as the odious last fragment of her name may be very easily changed—of course supposing the lady to be willing.

By this time the door must be open, so we will allow Pompey to usher the ladies into the drawing-room, and then to call his master, who is in his study. Our heroines, when left alone together, gazed on each other with eyes full of ire, each instinctively divining the purpose of the other. Looks were followed by words, and these might (I write with the fear of the fair sex before my eyes) have been succeeded by deeds, had not the Fates interposed in the form of the beloved Thomas Smith, (I like to distinguish my heroes by name, as well as by character, from the common herd of mankind) upon whose entrance the aroused waves of passion subsided to a dead calm, and the mountainous sea of their anger became as flat and as plain as themselves.

"Well, ladies," cried Thomas Smith, after the usual salutations, "to what am I indebted for the pleasure of this visit?"

Miss Stubbs blushed, and Miss Beaumont sentimentally cast down her eyes, and applied her *vinaigrette* to the protuberance just below them.

"Ah!" sighed Miss Dorothea, "have you forgotten that it is leap-year?" with another sigh. "You know our privilege," with a smile. "You must be sensible of your attractions," with a fond look, called, in vulgar parlance, a sheep's eye, a very appropriate term on the present occasion. "You will forgive my apparent forwardness," with an attempt at a blush, "and attribute it to the overflowing of my heart toward you, my dear Thomas," with a sigh, a blush, and some symptoms of a tear.

"I am aware, Mr. Smith," said Miss Emeline, in her turn, "that I am overstepping the limits which custom has prescribed to my sex, but I disdain such narrow prejudices. I have long loved you, hopelessly, but constantly. While you have lavished your attentions on those who valued them not, I have hoarded up the most trifling word which you have chanced to bestow upon me, and brooded over it in secret, as the miser over his treasure. I need not now recall my alternate fears and hopes; the ecstacy into which a kind look of yours has often thrown me, or the bitter despondency into which I have sunk, when carelessly noticed by you. May you never feel the agonies which I have suffered! I now cast the bigoted fetters of prudery, and obeying only the dictates of my heart, I avow my ardent, despairing love."

"Really, ladies," said Mr. Smith, "I should be very happy to oblige either or both of you, but unfortunately you are a day too late; for I was married last night!"

A flood of tears relieved Miss Emeline, and a fit of hysterics Miss Dorothea. Just at this crisis, Pompey entered with a very elongated visage, and whispered—

"Massa! massa! three more ladies at the door, come a courting!"

"Surely," sighed the half distracted Thomas, as he rushed out of the room, "surely it must have been a *leap-year* that forced Cowper to exclaim—

"'Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness.'"

From the Boston Evening Journal, Feb. 12.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF EMBEZZLEMENT OF MONEY.

The case of the Commonwealth vs. Thomas Pike, Jr. was tried this afternoon. The indictment contained four counts, only one of which was alleged. The prisoner was indicted under the act of 1834, which provides that any person who shall embezzle property entrusted to him, shall be deemed guilty of felony. He was charged with stealing the sum of $4,900 from the Market Bank, on the 6th August, 1834.

After empanelling the Jury, Judge Thatcher intimated that he was the owner of some shares in the Market Bank, and therefore the prisoner had a right to object to trial, in this Court, in which case it would come before the Supreme Court. The prisoner, however, through his counsel, waived any right of objection which he might have, and the trial proceeded.

The witnesses only on the part of the Government were called, viz: Mr. Mead, Cashier, and Mr. Brown, Clerk—the principal part of the testimony came from the first witness.

It appeared in evidence that the prisoner was employed as Paying and Receiving Teller of the Market Bank, on the first of November, 1833. He was highly recommended to the Bank, by a gentleman of this city, who became his bondsman. Subsequent to this period, he represented his cash as deficient, from time to time up to the 20th July, 1834, to the amount of $1800, and in a short time after, he stated that he had lost $1000 more, making $2,800. It was then thought he had really lost it. An examination of his cash account took place on the 5th August following, which resulted in finding a deficit of $2800. It was thought proper that he should be suspended for a time—the prisoner was informed that circumstances might render it necessary to call on his bondsman—he replied that he knew what he would say—he would wish him to vacate his office, and wished the cashier to write to that effect—on the 6th August, the cash was transferred by the prisoner to the cashier. The money to the amount of $275,000, was deposited in two trunks—the prisoner stated that every thing was correct, as when examined the day before by the directors. The cashier, however, being unwilling to receive the cash, without first counting it himself, proceeded to examine the accounts. The bills and specie in one trunk were found to be correct—but before the other trunk had been examined, the prisoner said, "I suppose the worst must come, that trunk is deficient $4,900, (exclusive of the $2,800) and gave a memorandum check of cash deficient. It appeared that the prisoner, to make his cash account appear correct the previous day, when his accounts were examined by the directors, had made false entries, with the Phœnix and Cambridge Banks, who had pass-books, and with whom daily accounts were kept. To the Phœnix Bank he charged $3000, and the Cambridge $1000, by placing a figure one on the left side of 700, the true entry, making a false charge of $1000—and the $900 he said he had borrowed.

After having been confined in jail some months by his bondsman, the prisoner was released, went to New Orleans, where he had been living for the last year.

The County Attorney cited a passage of law as applying to the case, from 'Rosco on criminal evidence,' which states that the mere fact of not being able to account for money is no evidence of embezzlement, but the falsehood of the entries, is the test of the fraudulent intent.

The evidence was very clear and explicit as to the guilt of the prisoner, and the case was submitted without argument. The Jury after an absence of five minutes, returned a verdict of Guilty. The prisoner will be sentenced on Monday.

ST. NICHOLAS.

Although every one has heard of Santa Claus or St. Nicholas, it is probable that there are many who do not know his history. At a recent anniversary of the St. Nicholas Society of New York, one of the members, who has investigated the subject, communicated the annexed particulars of the life of this great patron saint. We quote from the Commercial Advertiser:

St. Nicholas was born on the 6th of December, in the year 343, at Patara, a city of Lycia, of reputable parents, who early initiated him in the doctrines of the Christian faith, which he practised in so exemplary a manner as to reach the ear and to receive the patronage of Constantine the Great, and through him became the head of the Church, or Bishop of Myra.

His legendary life abounds too greatly with absurd statements of miraculous powers, to warrant recital, beyond what is absolutely necessary in explanation of the origin of some of the patronages which superstition formerly assigned to him, and which are yet credited by those of the Latin and Greek Churches.

When he was an infant, and consequently dependent upon the sustenance with which Providence has so bountifully provided the female parent, he never could be induced to receive such natural support on Wednesdays or Fridays; a virtuous and examplary attention to the ordinances of the Church, which marked him—justly, could we but believe the fable, "as a pattern for future infants," and caused him to be regarded as their peculiar saint and Patron, under the endearing title of "Child Bishop."

St. Nicholas, as the Child Bishop is usually depicted in Roman Catholic countries, surrounded by naked children; or, in some instances, with the emblematical device of two boys in a tub, the cause of which latter, has been very minutely explained by an Italian author, who, for the edification of the Papists, published this Saint's life in the year 1645.—"The fame of St. Nicholas's virtues was so great," says the ingenious writer, "that an Asiatic gentleman, on sending his two sons to Athens for education, ordered them to call on the Bishop for his benediction; but they getting to Myra late in the day, thought proper to defer their visit until the morrow, and took up their lodgings at an inn, where the landlord, to secure their baggage and effects to himself, murdered them in their sleep, and then cut them into pieces, salting them, and putting them into a pickling tub, with some pork which was there already, meaning to sell the whole as such.

The bishop, however, having had a vision of this impious transaction, immediately resorted to the inn, and calling the host to him, reproached him for his horrid villainy. The man perceiving that he was discovered, confessed his crime, and entreated the bishop to intercede in his behalf to the Almighty for his pardon; who, being moved with compassion at his contrite behaviour, confession, and thorough repentance, besought Almighty God not only to pardon the murderer, but also, for the glory of his name, to restore life to the poor innocents, who had been so inhumanly put to death. The saint had hardly finished his prayer, when the mangled, and detached pieces of the two youths were by divine power, re-united, and perceiving themselves alive, threw themselves at the feet of the holy man, to kiss and embrace them; but the bishop not suffering their humiliation, exhorted them to return their thanks to God alone for this mark of his mercy, and gave them good advice for the future conduct of their lives; and then giving them his blessing, sent them with great joy to prosecute their studies at Athens.

Numerous free schools were established for the instruction of youth, under the patronage of St. Nicholas, their great friend. And before the reformation, the election of what was known by the title of Boy Bishop, or Episcopus Puerorum in the Cathedrals in Europe, has been considered to have its origin from the alledged attachment of the saint to the rising generation. He is styled in several of the legends as the "glorious confessor." His was the peculiar honor of being worshipped by those of almost every country "whose march was on the mountain wave, and whose home was on the deep." In illustration of this fact, there was scarcely a place of any note on the coast of Europe, or adjoining the principal rivers, but what traces of temples of worship could be found, that were put under his protection, and enriched by offerings from mariners, fishermen and others, as well as by merchants trading beyond sea.

Saturday Evening Post.

MARCH 5, 1836.

☞ The Casket for March, which will be ready for delivery in the course of a few days, will be embellished with a handsome colored engraving of Mexico, Texas, and the South Western portion of the United States, engraved expressly for the work.

Single copies of this number cannot be furnished, as the edition will nearly all be distributed among subscribers. Copies of the colored map, distinct from the work, may be obtained at the publication office of this paper—price 25 cents.

The Episcopal Church.—The Harpers of New York, have just published a large octavo volume of 170 pages, entitled "A Narrative of Events connected with the Rise and Progress of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Virginia," added to which is an appendix, containing the journals of the various Episcopal Conventions held in Virginia.

This will prove a work of great interest to members of the Episcopal Church, as well as to the christian community generally. The author is the Rev. F. L. Hawks, Rector of St. Thomas's Church, New York. The annexed dedication is prefixed to the work.

To the Right Rev. William White, D. D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Pennsylvania, and Senior Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

Right Reverend and Dear Sir:

If it were in my power to consult my brethren of the clergy, I am sure that all would name you as the individual to whom a work, concerning any part of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country should most properly be inscribed. To this consideration of propriety, allow me to add, that *I*, at least, find another in the ready kindness and advice with which you have furthered my purposes, and encouraged my efforts in the prosecution of this work.

I beg leave, therefore, to offer it as the humble tribute of affectionate respect justly due to the one who for more than half a century has watched the progress of the church in America; and who to the piety which becomes a prelate adds the learning of a scholar, and the courtesy of a gentleman.

With affectionate veneration,

I am, sir, your grateful friend and servant,

The Author.

Marryatt's Novels.—Another number of Mr. Godey's republication of the novels of Captain Marryatt, has been published, containing "The Pirate, and the Three Cutters," complete, furnished for the very trifling sum of 37½ cents. This series of works, to be completed in eight numbers, will be one of the cheapest ever published.

MELLEN'S POEM.

The Passions, is the title of a poem pronounced some time ago at the Odeon, Boston, by Grenville Mellen, Esq. on occasion of the anniversary of the birth of Spurzheim.

We regard this effort of our author's muse, as one that will greatly enhance his reputation. Indeed, Mr. Mellen deserves to rank with the first of American poets. There is a grace and beauty in his style, which are worthy of the highest commendation. He does not indulge in that mysticism and bombast, which so generally characterizes the poetry of the day. He is essentially the child of nature, weaving only those flowers into the garland of poesy, which delight by their exquisite fragrance and beauty.

Mr. Mellen, in addition to his fugitive poetry—which, by-the-bye, is among the best the country has produced—published a volume a year or two ago entitled "*The Martyr's Triumph; Buried Valley; and other Poems*," which we remember to have perused with a high degree of satisfaction. The "Ruins of Balbec," especially, is a spirited and soul-stirring poem, fraught with all that wildness and sublimity which accords so finely with the subject. We cannot refrain from making the following brief, though beautiful, extract.

I entered the old walls; the heathen Gods
Lay smitten to the ground—and every niche
Stared on the havoc which they could not save.
Above, the storms had roared and revelled on,
And yet the glorious work had warred with them,
And laugh'd at time when he went thundering by
Upon his cloudy pinions.

"The Passions," however, we are inclined to think, is Mr. Mellen's best production. It may not partake of the same energy and pathos which mark some of his previous efforts, but it displays more simplicity and chaste beauty; and you feel, in its perusal, that the poetic standard has been refined and elevated. We quote the following stanzas for the gratification of our readers. The subject is a trite one, but Mr. Mellen has invested it with new charms.

Both were devoted. She was beautiful—
And the rich blood that cours'd her cheek and brow,
Each radiant as the flower she stoop'd to cull,
Mantled, as she gave back the whisper'd vow,
With a new glory. She had found a home!
An altar-place, where, dedicate, she bow'd,
In virgin loveliness—no pictur'd dome,
No palace, with its pillow deck'd and proud,
Could promise the chaste slumber of that breast,
Where her young head was laid in confidence and rest.

He lov'd her with a perfect love. His eye
Grew lustreless, yet restless, when she went,
And when she came, in beauty's panoply,
And blest him with her presence; it was bent
With that deep light upon her, which alone,
And but for once, will kindle at the shrine
Of Passion, that no other hope will own,
Save this which marks its worship just divine!
She was his idol—and his service there
Was new devotedness—and promises—and prayer.

In conclusion, we have only to say to Mr. Mellen, in the language of a cotemporary, "Let him couple his genius with some epic, worthy to resist the waste of centuries, and preserving the sensibility and pure moral taste, which has characterised all his poetry, do justice to his country and to himself."

A Volume of Poetry.—Benjamin Lundy, the philanthropist, has issued proposals for the publication in this city, of the poetical works of Elizabeth Margaret Chandler, with a memoir of her life and character, written by himself. It speaking of this lady, in the introductory portion of his prospectus, he says, "Although the amiable and highly gifted author is not extensively known by name, yet some of her writings have been widely circulated, and greatly admired. She wrote, occasionally, for some of the popular periodical works of her day, in Philadelphia and elsewhere. During a period of more than eight years, she contributed largely and regularly to the pages of the "*Genius of Universal Emancipation.*" She also acted as the principal editor of the *Female Department* of that work, (and was the author of nearly all the original matter in that department,) upwards of four years, previous to her temporary suspension in 1834. But, owing to her retiring modesty—her particular aversion to public notoriety, she very seldom permitted her name to accompany the articles which she sent to the Press. Thus, while a great number of readers even of the most refined taste in the circles of philanthropy and literature, were delighted and edified by the excellent productions of her pen, her exemplary character was little known beyond the pale of her family connexion and private acquaintance."

We might add, that this lady has frequently contributed to the poetical department of the Saturday Evening Post, over the signature of "*Emily*;" and that her effusions have been generally, very much admired.

Mr. Lundy has made a selection from the choicest of her poetical works, which, with an interesting memoir of her life, will shortly be published in a handsome volume of about 200 pages, 18 mo. Price 62½ cents per copy: orders for the work, free of postage, are to be forwarded to Lemuel Howell, 400 Coates street, Philadelphia.

We wish Mr. Lundy every success in so laudable an undertaking, and we do not doubt but he will be liberally encouraged in a city like this, where there is such a disposition to foster native talent.

Slavery in the United States.—The Harpers have just published a work with the above title, from the pen of J. K. Paulding. When will authors and newspaper scribblers grow weary of writing upon such a hackneyed theme? Where is the necessity of multiplying books and essays upon the subject, which we every where a single original idea? It is true, [illegible] long and ably have devoted their time to its discussion; but with what advantage to the community? Dr. Channing has written, J. K. Paulding has written—and a hundred others have written; and after perusing the several productions, we learn only, that slavery is an evil—a very great evil, that it is a stigma upon a country which boasts of its Liberty and Independence; that it is in violation of the laws of God; that it would be much better for us—the people at large—if slavery did not exist; and a thousand self-evident truths, which common sense and humanity, alone, would dictate. Theories may be plausible and beautiful, but they will avail but little, when they cannot be reduced to practice. Of Mr. Paulding's book, however, we are scarcely prepared to give an opinion; but from glancing hastily through it, we are inclined to believe that it is one of the most *reasonable* that we have yet had upon that subject.

COMMUNICATION.

UNITED STATES BANK STOCK.

We would suggest to our mercantile friends the opportunity now afforded for cheap remittances to Europe, in this stock at the present market price.

It is believed the bank will pay not less than seven per cent. dividends—which would be equivalent to five per cent. on $140,—and it is well known that the last advices from London quote money abundant there, and worth but three and a half per cent. per annum—Now at that rate of interest U. S. Bank stock would be worth $200—but suppose it sold at $140—and add to that the difference of exchange—one and a half per cent. it would be equivalent (to the shippers) to one hundred and fifty three dollars per share—we give these suggestions in the hope they may benefit some of our enterprising merchants.

—MARRIAGES.—

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Charles Pittman, Mr. George W. Dobners, of Spring Garden, to Miss Elizabeth Wood, daughter of John Wood, Sr. of Wilmington, Del.

On Thursday morning, 25th ult. by the Rev. James Mitchell, Mr. Alfred Newmith, of Pittsburgh, to Miss Mary R. Mitchell, of Philadelphia.

On the 11th Oct. last, Frederick Hancock, to Ann P. Collins, daughter of the late William Collins, Esq. of Delaware.

On the 22d ult. by the Rev. Joseph Kennard, Mr. Jonathan Woolverton, M. D., of Upper Canada, to Miss Emeline Bergerean, of this city.

On the 25th ult. by the same, Mr. Franklin D. Pine, of New Jersey, to Miss Margaret C. Mulford, of the Northern Liberties.

On the 25th ult. by the same, Mr. Peter W. Green, to Miss Rachel M'Cay, both of Delaware co. Pa.

On the 24th of Dec. last, by A. D. Tarr, Esq. Mr. Isaac Oakford, of this city, to Miss Eliza Rogers, of Southwark.

On Thursday evening, 25th ult. by the Rev. Samuel McCluskey, James H. Cochran, to Mary B. Shewell, daughter of the late Sallows Shewell, all of this city.

On 29th of Nov. last, by Elder Thos. J. Kitts, Mr. George S. Pool, to Miss Susan P. Atkinson, all of the Northern Liberties.

By the same, on 22d ult. Mr. Edward Wirt, of Philadelphia, to Miss Mary Trout, of Burlington, N. Jersey.

On Thursday evening the 25th ult. by the Rev. J. M. Dickey, J. B. Stubbs, M. D. of Lancaster Co. to Miss Rachel H. daughter of Timothy Kirk, Esq. of Oxford, Chester co. Pa.

At Garwood, by the Rev. J. W. Richards, on the 25th ult. Rev. Samuel A. Bumstead, Pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church at Manayunk, to Miss Maria, daughter of Benjamin Garber, Esq. deceased, of the former place.

On the 6th Oct. 1835, by the Rev. George W. Bethune, Mr. Columbus Idler, of Spring Garden, to Miss Rosanna Kelly, of Southwark.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Gartland, Chas. J. Lenning, to Wilhelmina L. J. Lejee, daughter of John R. Lejee, Esq. all of this city.

On the 27th of Feb. by Elder T. J. Kitts, Mr. Boldwin Kerch, to Miss Jane Lowry, all of Philadelphia.

At West Chester, on the 15th ult. by Jno. T. Denny, Esq. Mr. Mark Moore, of Upper Providence township, Montgomery county, to Miss Susannah S. Bean, of Schuylkill township, Chester county.

In Chester county, on the 11th ult. by James Monaghan, Esq. Mr. Edward B. Chandler, to Miss Hannah Shields, all of Newgarden township, Chester co.

In New York, on Monday, the 29th ult. by Cornelius W. Lawrence, Mayor, Mr. Jacob Stratton, Merchant of Philadelphia, to Miss Caroline, daughter of the late Berden Chase, of the former city.

At Mount Holly, N. J. on the 25th ult. by Geo. Haywood, Esq. Mr. Richard M. Kelly, to Miss Eleanor Burdsall, both of Medford, Burlington co. N. J.

In Mobile, on the 6th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Kennon, Henry S. Levert, M. D. to Miss Octavia C. V. Walton, late of Pensacola, Florida.

—DEATHS.—

On the 1st of March, Susan Salome Ehrmann, consort of P. F. Ehrmann, in the 47th year of her age.

At Milestown, Philadelphia county, on Tuesday 23d ult. Mr. Joseph Engler, in the 73d year of his age.

On first day, the 27th ult. Phebe Milner, widow of the late John Milner, in the 84th year of her age.

On Friday morning, the 26th ult. Mr. Michael Pencen, in the 27th year of his age.

On Tuesday evening 23d ult. of scarlet fever, Catharine Elizabeth, aged 2 years, 9 months. And on Saturday morning, 27th, Caroline, aged 6 months, children of Christian and Christiana Zimmerman.

On Monday, the 29th Feb. of a lingering and painful illness, John Linker, in the 14th year of his age.

On the 28th Feb. Louisa Boyd Diehl, only daughter of Capt. George N. Diehl, aged 3 years and 2 months.

On Sunday evening, 28th Feb. Elizabeth Ann, daughter of George W. I. and Mary Boyd, aged 8 months.

On Thursday morning, 25th ult. Wm. Matthews, youngest son of Benjamin Allen, in the 5th year of his age.

On Wednesday, 24th ult. Andrew Jackson, infant son of Tristram and Mary Duke, aged 3 months.

On Wednesday morning, 24th ult. Prudence Angelica Hodgson, widow of the late Capt. John B. Hodgson, in the 59th year of her age.

On Tuesday, 23d ult. Mrs. Eve Hilbourne, wife of Benjamin Hilborne, in the 76th year of her age.

On Sunday afternoon, William McGrath, aged 2 years, son of John McGrath, No. 388 Market st. between 12th and 13th.

On Sunday morning, the 28th ult. Mrs. Margaret, wife of Robinson Walker, in the 31st year of her age.

At Blairsville, on the 20th Feb. Thomas S. Blodget, Esq. late a Lieutenant in the U. S. Navy, in the 43d year of his age.

In Kingston, (Mass.) on the 23d ult. Alexander Godfrey Foster, son of Widow Mary Foster, aged 26.

OBITUARY.

On Wednesday morning, the 24th ult. Mrs. Frances E. Irwin, aged 56 years, consort of W. W. Irwin, Esq. after a short but severe illness, which she endured with the fortitude and peaceful spirit which characterized her life. The grief and gloom which this mournful dispensation has occasioned among numerous acquaintances, is increased by the reflection that the death of this estimable and highly intellectual lady is also a family bereavement peculiarly afflicting.—Though to her christian spirit the sudden transition is "great gain," yet the death of one so connected, and so loved, is a severe stroke to the dearest relations of human life. A husband has lost a fond and cherished wife—children their mother—parents their child, and brothers and sisters their beloved sister.—*Pitts. Adv.*

SALES OF STOCKS,

This week at the Stock and Exch. Board of Brokers.

			price sold for.	par
5136	shares	United States Bank,	122½a128¼	100
534	do.	Girard Bank,	69¾a73	50
8	do.	Farm. & Mech. Bank,	68¼	50
1	do.	Pennsylvania Bank,	530	400
30	do.	Commercial Bank,	68¼	50
40	do.	Mechanic's Bank,	66a66¾	35
30	do.	Western Bank,	61a63	50
65	do.	Louisville Bank,	107a109	100
100	do.	N. Orleans Gas Bank,	34	30
251	do.	Northern Bank, Kentucky,	33a34½	30
422	do.	Kentucky Bank,	61a61½	[illegible]
70	do.	Planters Bank, Tennessee,	74	65
295	do.	Vicksburg Bank, Miss.	65	60
11	do.	Com. Bank Cincinnati,	106	100
30	do.	N. Orleans Canal Bank	105¼	100
50	do.	Feliciana Bank, Woodville,	56	50
20	do.	Schuylkill Nav. Co.	159	50
10	do.	Wilmington & Susque.R. R.	29	30
16	do.	Spring Garden Fire In. Co.	3¾	30
2500	do.	Del. & Hudson Canal,	103a110	100
1765	do.	Norristown Rail Road,	54¾a57	50
1650	do.	Morris Canal,	92a91¼	100
44	do.	American In. Co.	33	25
150	do.	New Castle Rail Road,	35a36	25
10	do.	Atlantic In. Co.	60	60
250	do.	Boston & Worcester R.R.	104½a105	100
100	do.	Camden & Amboy R. R.	126a136	100
200	do.	Philadelphia Savings,	33¼a34	25
$836.66		State, 5 per cents, 1861	109	100
$1400		do. do. 1858	108½	100
$1720		Lehigh Loan, 6 per ct. 1838	101¼a102	100

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

Feb 26, *received from*		*March 1.*	
M. Galbreath, nett,	$1 50	J. D. Trent,	8 00
R. J. Mitchell,	7 00	David M. Darden,	5 00
Henry H. Garvin, nett,	2 00	Elam Jones, Esq.	2 00
James Corten,	5 00	J. M. Hadden, Esq.	7 00
Dan Young, Esq.	2 00	Geo. G. White, Esq.	2 00
J. McMaster, Esq.	5 00	*March 2.*	
Caleb Stanley, Esq.	2 00	J. B. Myers,	10 00
N. D. George, Esq.	2 00	H. Gilliam, nett,	9 50
Roland Diller, Esq.	15 00	Geo. B. Nuckoll,	5 00
Volney M. Long, Esq.	2 00	V. Mourain,	5 00
Chas. G. Ryman, Esq.	5 00	John J. Morice,	5 00
		B. C. Hogin, Esq.	2 00
February 27.		John Darby, Esq.	1 00
N. B. Knapp,	10 00	Allen Potter, Esq.	7 00
Evan Garrett, Esq.	4 00	M. A. Mandeville, esq.	5 00
[illegible]	[illegible]	N. N. Betts, Esq.	1 00
		John S. Dobbins, Esq.	5 00
February 29.		Alexander Hughes, esq.	2 00
Greer W. Davis, nett,	4 50	Joseph E. White, esq.	2 00
Sidney Miner,	5 00	B. Gardner, Esq.	2 00
James Armingdale,	2 00	Joseph G. Smith, Esq.	3 00
Seth Smith,	2 00	*March 3.*	
Jos. Coddington, esq.	5 00	Louis B. Myers,	10 00
W. Ross, Esq.	5 00	I. N. Woodward, esq.	3 00
L. Gex, Esq. Harmony,	5 00	Rich'd Henderson, esq	1 00
A. L. Baker, Esq.	5 00	M. Hemenway, Esq.	2 00
E. Colson, Esq.	2 00	Samuel Cox, Esq.	8 00
Geo. A. Farquhar, esq.	2 00	J. M. Hadden, Esq.	2 10
Fran. Tomlinson, esq.	2 00	Rich'd McClure, Esq.	2 00
Thos. Lawyer, Esq.	7 00	John P. Chester, Esq	2 00
J. C. Easton, Esq.	14 00	Chester A. Coit,	2 00
E. S. McIntosh, Esq.	2 00	E. Easton,	25 00

In the New York Senate on the 26th ult. a bill was introduced, to *repeal the act of last year for the enlargement of the Erie Canal!*

(*From the N. Y. Evening Star of Wednesday.*)

MONEY MARKET AND BANK OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Globe of Saturday last has one of its most malignant and vindictive articles on this subject—it bears the impress of Reuben M. Whitney, and is written with a deliberate purpose of producing a panic! It is well known that for a few days past, and indeed ever since the Bank Bill passed the Legislature of Pennsylvania, there has been an immense pressure in the money market. A small part of this pressure has been produced by a slight derangement of exchanges, growing out of the large quantities of U. S. Bank stock, which the recent advanced price has brought from all parts of the country to New York and Philadelphia for sale; but the chief pressure has been produced by the vindictive action of the Treasury of the United States, exhibited in an order recently issued to the Deposite Banks to increase their specie. This order was issued as soon as it was known at Washington that the Bank bill had become a law; and it was done with the despicable motive of giving a lie to the anticipations of quiet and ease in the money market, which the opposition papers had indulged in, in the prospect of the recharter of the Bank. It was done by Mr. Whitney himself, who controls the Treasury Department in such matters, to enable him to put forth in the corrupted columns of the Globe the article in question—an article as full of falsehood as of malignity. The effects of this order are falling heavily on the whole community; there was not the least necessity for it—its author well knew that at the particular moment it was issued, it could not fail to produce the pressure which he meant it should produce—it was at a moment when he knew the Bank could not interfere, just as it is closing its business as to the old institution and transferring to the new—at the moment of its interregnum as it were—it forms a complete illustration of the fable of the ass kicking the dead lion.

The argument of the Globe is simply this: here is a pressure in the money market, produced by an overtrading encouraged by the Bank; the friends of the Bank have been boasting that all would be sunshine if it was rechartered; but it is rechartered, and instead of sunshine there is pressure; the Bank has not been able to prevent it; they can't prevent it; the country is thus warned to be on its guard; that ruin and dismay and panic are to walk abroad in the land. Can any one doubt the object of such an article as this? It is well worthy the choice spirit that issued the Treasury order. Look at the effects of this order on our own city; it was followed by an immediate curtailment, on the part of the pet banks, to four or five times the amount of the increased specie, and by a corresponding curtailment on the part of all the city banks. It is notorious that the pet banks are now so full of money that they cannot use it, but no sooner was this order placed in their hands, than they called on other banks for nearly a million of dollars in specie, and it is now lying idle in their vaults, whilst the community is suffering, and all this is done to satisfy a vindictive thrust at the Bank of the United States, on the threshold of its new existence—just as if had lain down its old armour, and before it had time to put on its new. Of this order, our citizens justly complain. Suffering, as we are, from the heavy losses by the fire, it bears particularly hard upon us.

The Bank itself is entitled to our thanks. It has done all it could to aid us, by stepping forward at the moment of our extremity, and tendering a loan of two millions of dollars. Our fire was still burning when Mr. Biddle, with a business-like promptitude, and a man-like spirit honorable alike to his head and his heart, came hither among us, and infused confidence, life and energy into the desponding hearts of our merchants. We all remember the electrical effect which his correspondence with our Bank Presidents produced. It is now nearly three months since the fire, and not a dollar of aid has yet been extended to us from any quarter.

The Corporation, the Legislature, and Congress, have, to be sure, all been working for us, but, up to the present time, their labours have produced no fruit. Now what is the position in which our trading community are placed? Of this two million loan, tendered by the bank, near one million has been already called for, and received by the Insurance Companies; but no sooner is this money placed in the hands of the community, for their relief, than the Deposit Banks, under the orders of the Treasury, call for the whole of it, and lock it up in their vaults, and all this is done to grind the public, and to enable Reuben M. Whitney, the chief manager of the Pets, to cry "*panic—pressure, the Bank can't help you.*" A more cold, heartless, vindictive and cruel proceeding cannot well be imagined.

LIST OF TAXABLES.

The following is a list of the taxable inhabitants of Pennsylvania, in all the counties, with the exception of M'Kean, and one district in Lancaster county. What makes it important is that the apportionment for Senators and Representatives is to be made this session.

Adams,	5,167	Lebanon,	4,410
Allegheny,	13,634	Lehigh,	5,355
Armstrong,	4,553	Luzerne,	6,083
Bradford,	4,721	Lycoming,	4,396
Beaver,	5,314	M'Kean,	
Bedford,	4,713	Mercer,	5,196
Berks,	11,743	Mifflin,	2,411
Bucks,	10,450	Montgomery,	9,773
Butler,	4,322	Northampton,	9,211
Cambria,	1,212	Northhum'ed,	3,933
Crawford,	5,395	Perry,	2,942
Clearfield,	1,395	Pike,	937
Centre,	4,705	Potter,	556
Chester,	11,682	Philadelphia city and co.	49,847
Columbia,	4,816		
Cumberland,	6,047	Somerset,	3,631
Dauphin.	5,508	Susquehanna,	3,592
Delaware,	3,900	Schuylkill,	4,700
Erie,	6,083	Tioga,	2,585
Franklin,	7,960	Union,	4,353
Fayette,	6,094	Venango,	3,014
Greene,	3,347	Warren,	1,600
Huntingdon,	6,103	Washington,	8,470
Indiana,	3,199	Wayne,	2,120
Jefferson,	902	Westmoreland,	8,223
Juniata,	2,065	York,	9,556
Lancaster,*	16,589		
			173,178
	144,873		144,873
			318,051

* Columbia district not heard from.

According to the above, it will be seen that Bucks, Lancaster, Juniata, Mifflin, Bedford, and Union counties, and the city of Philadelphia, will lose one member in the House of Representatives; and the counties of Erie, Crawford and Mercer, will each gain one member, and Philadelphia county, two. This, however, depends upon the ratio adopted.

Banking Capital.—The Banking Capital of Louisiana will have been enlarged, before the close of the present session of the Legislature of that State, to about *seventy two millions of dollars!* Upon which it is supposed discounts are and will be made to the amount of one hundred and fifty millions of dollars. If the Government of Pennsylvania is to be put down for incorporating thirty-five millions of *existing* bank capital—if Conventions are to be called, and mob-law invoked, to punish the Pennsylvanians for daring thus to understand and pursue the true interests of their State, what shall be done with Louisiana, which has chartered new capital to an amount (according to federal population) more than *ten* times as great as the old capital to which a new charter has been granted by Pennsylvania?

The progress of banking in Louisiana has been very rapid, though up to the present year it has not perhaps more than kept pace with the demand created by the increasing culture of Sugar and Cotton, and the increasing commerce of New Orleans. The following statement of the progressive increase of Bank Capital in Louisiana will probably not be unacceptable to our readers:

In the year 1811, the amount was		$754,000
	1815,	1,432,000
	1820,	2,597,420
	1830,	5,665,980
	1834,	23,664,755
	1835,	27,172,145
	1836, about	72,000,000

Increase from 1834 to 1836, $122,836,900!!

Domestic Manufactures.—The Baltimore American in noticing the extensive cut glass manufactory at Sandwich, Massachusetts, furnishes the following statistical information.

This one factory alone consumes weekly, of Pig Lead, first manufactured into Oxide of lead, ten thousand eight hundred pounds: of Pearl Ash, eight thousand five hundred: Salt Petre, fourteen: Silex, ten tons: and clay of the finest kind, five tons.—All these heterogeneous materials are necessary to produce one of the most beautiful works of human ingenuity.

A considerable quantity of the article manufactured at Sandwich, finds a ready sale in foreign countries, and it is stated, that a service of cut glass is now on hand, intended for the King of Muscat. Cut glass door knobs are manufactured to a vast extent.

As an evidence of the extent of this factory, it is mentioned that six thousand large casks are required annually. The business requires two packets to be kept constantly running between the factory and Boston, transporting the manufactured article. The families attached to the establishment consume annually eighteen hundred barrels of flour and nearly as much corn, besides thousands of bushels of potatoes.—Four or five vessels are continually employed in bringing Richmond coal to the works.

Ship Canal around Niagara Falls.—This great project is now agitated in Congress, and its friends feel great confidence that it will be undertaken by the general government. In connexion with opening a steamboat navigation from Oswego through the Oswego and Oneida rivers and Oneida lake to Utica—a natural channel requiring but little aid from art—this undertaking assumes vast importance, as, by means of these improvements, the business of the upper lakes will be brought two hundred miles nearer this city, in their own bottoms.

Extract of a Letter to the Editor of the S. E. Post.

St. Louis, July 11, 1836.

Mr. S. C. Atkinson.—Our harbour is yet obstructed by drift ice to a small extent, but not sufficiently so as to prevent steam boats from descending the Mississippi, as far as Cape Girardeau, and the English Islands, 12 miles below the former place, where it is said the ice has "*gorged*," rendering the passage up and down yet impassable. Two steamers left yesterday for New Orleans, principally loaded with provisions and some lead, and now the steam boat Pawnee, arrived this evening from New Orleans, having been detained in her passage ten or twelve days at Cape Girardeau. Business is beginning to resume its usual activity at the approach of Spring, produce of every description is high beyond any previous season, Pork $8 per 100 wt; Lard 10a11; Butter 18; Lead 5¼a5½ nominal; Flour $6,75a7; and in the same ratio for all descriptions of produce. There is a mania prevailing in land speculations, and many have grown rich within the last eight months.

We passed a delightful hour in the studio of Signor Pettrich, a distinguished Sculptor from Rome, who has established himself in an upper apartment, at the south east corner of Walnut and Fifth streets. We found the skilful artist surrounded with the fruits of his labors—busts, reliefs, and pictures in plaster, of a rare and beautiful kind. Among others, a bust of the venerable Bishop White arrested our attention. It is a perfect likeness, and has preserved, even to every shade and furrow, the lineaments of the beloved prelate. Several other busts of distinguished citizens have been taken by Signor Pettrich, with the utmost fidelity and skill. We trust that he may not fail to receive a large sharge of patronage from this community. No person of taste should be without some of his works, as ornaments for the drawing room and the library.—*Phil. Gaz.*

We listened, a day or two since, to the following little domestic anecdote, which, we are assured, was so generally *heard* that it was almost *believed*. Our informant said, that the lady of one of our most distinguished military citizens, he that now commands the first Division, invited to her house a large party, among whom was Mrs. Wood, the distinguished vocalist. During the evening, Mrs. Wood was frequently pressed to sing, and she kindly conceded to the wishes of the hostess, until most of the time of the party was taken up with her attractive music—which it was hinted to be the attraction of the evening. Stung with such a hint, Mrs. W. next morning sent in her bill, which, of course, was paid. The story ought to be true, because it has the advantage of age and frequent repetition. We remember that it was told of Mrs. Bartley, and of several other distinguished *artists*. In the present case, it may be due to truth, and to the feelings of all parties, to say, that there is not a word of truth in the story. The family of the gentleman have never seen Mrs. W. on nor off the stage. The hospitality of that family is too well known to have it doubted that those who were invited to the house, would be properly treated—and the character of Mrs. W. is too well known to have it believed, under any circumstances, that she would submit ever to the shade of disrespect, could there be found in our city any one to offer it.

We have only noticed this gossip, because it may need contradiction *out* of Philadelphia. Here, where both parties are known, such a story would scarcely have credence.—*United States Gazette.*

Love in Washington.—A letter from Washington, dated on Friday, to the editor of the New York Daily Advertiser, says,—"A most brilliant display of beauty and fashion, was exhibited at the White House last night. The second of the President's select parties was the occasion. A thousand or more persons were there, seemingly from every kingdom and nation under heaven. All languages were spoken, and all varieties of men and women were seen. The Foreign Ministers and their Secretaries, with their fair wives and fairer daughters were there; matrons from each of the twenty-four States, eclipsed in beauty by their more beautiful children, were also there. We had music and dancing—coquetting and match-making—love and nonsense—excuses and promises—attentions and neglects—green-eyed monsters in abundance—envy, not a little—scandal, a good deal. And such a jam poor mortals never saw or *felt* before. The east room was crowded from wall to wall, in closer columns than ever stood an army of infantry. The President was full of glee, moving in all directions, and talking with everybody, men, women, and children. The Cabinet were all there—kitchen cabinet and all, seemingly as happy as I was, who for an hour had stood with my head up, eyes right, toes trodden upon, and my whole body delightfully *squeezed*, till I thought I was fast reaching nonentity. The women fainted, scolded, crowded, and wished themselves at home. Some there were, however, who knew well how to navigate a crowd, that enjoyed the scene, taking real delight in laughing at the misery and petulance of those around them. Had I time, I would tell you of the greater crowd in the splendid supper-room, which was thrown open between 11 and 12 o'clock, and which was more brilliant than any thing I have before seen. I will reserve that, however, till to-morrow, as a *sharpener* to my appetite."

PUBLIC LANDS—SURPLUS REVENUE.

In the course of debate in the Senate, on Friday, Mr. Ewing (of Ohio) stated some striking, we may say, astounding, facts, in regard to the Revenue and the sales of public lands.

The amount of surplus revenue, or rather of unexpended revenue, already EXCEEDS THIRTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

The amount of receipts from sales of public lands, during the last month, (January) far exceeds any amount heretofore received, as appears by the following statement, by Mr. Ewing, of the amount received in the month of January, 1835, (then unusually large) and the amount received, as far as the several land offices have been heard from, during the corresponding month of the present year.

RECEIPTS FROM PUBLIC LANDS.

	In Jan. 1835.	In Jan. 1836.
Ohio,	42,861	111,145
Indiana,	160,893	531,234
Illinois,	56,745	223,087
Missouri,	45,721	126,585
Mississippi,	188,090	426,381
Alabama,	367,263	257,669
Louisiana,	10,248	79,169
Michigan,	43,072	290,749

Should the sales of public lands, during the rest of the year, bear the same proportion to other years, as is indicated by the sales in the month of January, the revenue from the sales of public lands alone, during the present year, (1836) will exceed twenty-seven millions of dollars.

Should the proceeds of the sales of the public lands not be distributed, as proposed, among the States, nor the revenue divided in some other way, the Surplus Revenue will, in a year from this time, amount, upon reasonable calculation, to FIFTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!—*Nat. Int.*

A joke is a joke, and a good joke is a very good thing. Gen. Jackson himself must laugh when he reads the following "advertisement," which appears in the editorial columns of the New York Commercial.—*Alex. Gaz.*

WANTED TO CHARTER.—*For the straits of Babelmandel and the Red Sea.*—The President of the United States having declared that if the bank of the United States were rechartered, "*he would fly to the farthest deserts of Arraby*," the subscribers are desirous of chartering a fast sailing copper bottomed and fastened ship, of about 600 tons burthen, with a commodious cabin and state rooms, for the accommodation of the executive and his suite, on the proposed voyage. She will be placed under the command of Commodore Elliott, and must be ready to sail as soon as that distinguished commander returns from the Mediterranean. N. B. A commodious steerage will be necessary for the accommodation of the kitchen cabinet. Apply to

Peter Francis Blair & Co.,
Wholesale brokers, 67 North Second street, Jackson city, near the Potomac bridge, opposite Washington. Feb. 10.

Steam Sleigh.—What Next.—The last Galena Advertiser states that two enterprising Yankees have recently invented and secured a patent for a *steam sleigh*, to run regular trips, steamboat like, between Galena, Dubuque, and Prairie du Chien. In case of breaking through the ice, or running into air holes, it can be immediately extricated by the means of a rope with a hook at one end, forced into the ice and drawn out by the power of the engine attached to the sleigh. The sleigh is not only water tight, but, by having seats, windows, doors, and stoves, it will be equally as comfortable as a steamboat. By being protected from the inclemencies of the winter season, the steam sleigh will be far preferable to coaches, ordinary sleighs, &c. As the steam sleigh will go into operation upon those waters in which steamboats ply, it will constitute a continual facility of transportation in connection with those boats, and in a few years, very probably, the utility of the steam sleigh must be acknowledged quite as indispensable to the commercial world, as steam-boats or rail-roads. So we go.—*N. Y. Sun.*

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

M. L. Bevan, Esq. has been elected President of the Board of Directors of the old Bank of the United States, *vice* N. Biddle, Esq. resigned. Mr. Biddle has been elected President of the state institution.

Appointment by the Mayor.

John Duncan, High Constable, in the room of Joseph Wiltberger, deceased.

Fatal Accident.—At the Summit Coal Mine, near Mauch Chunk, Pa. a miner named Owen M'Donnell, was instantly killed by the premature explosion of a blast. The accident is stated to have been the result of an imprudent attempt, on the part of the unfortunate sufferer, to explode several charges *at once* by a match and train of loose powder—a spark falling on the train, produced the accident.

The editor of the Bridgeton (N. J.) Whig gives notice that he can furnish any number of Italian mulberry trees, from 2½ to 3 feet in height, at thirty dollars per thousand.

Jim Crow Rice has lately advertised for one hundred and fifty Africans to act in one of his negro pieces at New Orleans.

Celeste has returned to New Orleans from Mobile, to reap another harvest. She is a prodigious favorite there.

The first 22 miles of the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad is completed and in operation.

Benjamin West's splendid picture of "Death on the pale horse," has been purchased by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. It arrived at New York in the Hannibal on Monday.

A sleighing party of seventy ladies and gentlemen, visited New York city last week in a ride from Hartford. A New York paper says: "Fifty-four of the party came in one vehicle—and a queer looking affair it was too. There were ten fine horses attached to it.

A cargo of Indian corn grown in Italy has arrived at Boston.

The Merchants Exchange Company have taken the lot of Mr. Benedict, on the corner of Wall and William streets, at 82,000 dollars. It is something like twenty-five feet on Wall st. by thirty five on William. Mr. Benedict bought it for 56,000 dollars, we believe, within a year, and with a good building on it, and it was sold some two years ago for a little over 40,000 dollars.—Yet this immense advance on what was deemed an immense price, is not greater than has been generally experienced by other estates in the neighborhood.—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

The New York Courier and Inquirer says that wood has been sold there at *twenty-four dollars* a cord.

A tremendous avalanche of snow fell from a portion of the citadel on Cape Diamond, Quebec, on the 9th ult. and rolled down into Champlain street, crushing a dwelling house and killing several individuals. The body of snow had been loosened from its foundation by the firing of cannon in the Citadel.

The Supreme Court of the United States has adjourned. Judge Story, the Senior Judge presided during the term.

The Pittsburg Statesman of Wednesday the 24th ult. says,—"The weather has become mild and spring-like. The Ohio is free for navigation, and our wharves look business-like. Long may they continue to look so."

The Boston Courier of the 23d ult. states that the building and land in that city, formerly used for the United States Branch Bank, were sold at auction the previous day for the sum of $81,000.

The temperance cause is said to be making rapid progress in Great Britain.

During the administration of Governor Wolf, he signed bills chartering or re-chartering thirty-six Banks.

Corsets.—We perceive it stated in the papers that the life of a young lady was recently saved at Alencon by wearing corsets—the point of the assassin's dagger being turned by the steel in front.

The Buffalo Journal is the title of a new *daily* paper that has just been attempted at that flourishing "city of the West." There are now *three* daily papers published at Buffalo.

A little quicker than chain-lightning whipped up!—The London Sun, a large daily evening paper, states that its large edition is printed at the rate of one hundred sheets per minute! That beats us by two to one, and a fraction over. Our new four cylinder press, however, will, if we are not disappointed in our expectations, run our London name sake a tight pull.—*N. Y. Sun.*

It is proposed to construct a Tunnel under the Hudson opposite Albany. A petition, for authority to undertake the enterprise, was presented to the Senate yesterday, by Mr. Gansevoort.—We have no doubt of its practibility, within a reasonable sum; and we entertain hopes of its successful prosecution.—*Albany Argus.*

It is rumored, on what authority we are unable to say, that Gen. Jackson has made, or is about to make, a claim upon Mexico, for $2,000,000, on the ground that that nation has committed spoliations to that extent upon our commerce. It is also said that should the Mexican government ridicule or disregard this claim, Texas will be seized upon by way of reprisal.—This story appears to us altogether improbable.

It is stated that Mr. Reeve, the comedian, has commenced a suit for damages against the publishers of the Galaxy, in consequence of the libellous paragraph which appeared in that paper last week.

As an evidence of the severity of the winter, it may be mentioned that three persons, on Saturday last, went from Norwalk, Conn, on the the ice, to within three miles of the Long Island shore, opposite. The distance across the Sound, at this point, is about eighteen miles. Such an event has not occurred since the winter of 1789-90.

Five thousand bushels of *Oats* were recently imported into New York from *London!* Large quantities of other kinds of grain are now on their way to this country from Europe.

Extract from the Portsmouth Sun, of the 7th Sept, 1824.—"The Selectmen of Newburyport have fined Jim Ball, the obstreperous clam-man, nine shillings for charging *ninepence* a bucket for his nostrums, under pretence that he could not afford them at *four-pence*, all the fat ones having struck off into deep water."

The New York Courier and Inquirer states that 17,000 bushels of wheat were imported last week into that city from England and Holland.

We learn from Harrisburg that the bill for removing the seat of Government from that place to Philadelphia, has passed through committee of the whole in the lower house. The limited partnership bill is in the Senate. The bill incorporating the coal companies are progressing.

We understand that the Legislature of New Jersey will adjourn on the 11th inst. It is not probable that the proposition of the Camden and Amboy Rail Road Company will be accepted by that body.

Marvellous.—Mr. Ebenezer Cole, of Chesterfield, Mass. a married man, went to bed the other night, according to the Hampshire Gazette, with a fine head of hair, a splendid pair of whiskers, &c. and next morning waked up and found himself perfectly bald. Various causes have been assigned for this phenomenon by certain old bachelors of the town.

Passing Deacon Isaac's wine cellar the other day, with Bass, we saw him reducing a pipe of brandy. Bass looked at us and winked. "The Deacon," said he, "is doing *your* work." "Our work!" "Yes, don't you see he's *correcting the proof*—*Bost. Trans.*

The Fire Burning.—It is now a period of more than seventy days since the calamitous fire of December, and while we are penning this paragraph, the smoke from the ruins of the American publication office, (next west of the Merchants' Exchange) is issuing forth anew from under the snow, with which the cellar of that building is filled.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

The Bachelors of Nashville, Tennessee, have formed a club, and published a declaration of independence. It commences by stating that all men are born unmarried, and then goes on to reason a priori that they should always remain so!

The Louisville Journal of the 17th ult. says—"A robbery was committed on Monday, between this city and Portland. A young gentleman was riding in a hack in company with a couple of gamblers, who were unknown to him; and, when about two miles from the city, one of them suddenly seized and held him by the throat, while the other robbed him of a thousand dollars. The ruffians after the commission of the deed, thrust him forcibly out of the door of the hack. The young man called aloud to the hackman to stop, but the latter drove on more furiously than before. The hackman, whose name is James Gillam, has been arrested as an accomplice, and is now in jail."

A touch of Yankee Character.—At the execution of Prescott at Hopkinton, a tin pedlar drove up with his load in front of Perkins' inn, just after the body had been cut down, and addressed the crowd as follows:—'Gentlemen, I am requested to return thanks to you, on behalf of the late Abraham Prescott, for your punctual and polite attention on his last moments, and to inform you that a few articles of tin ware are to be disposed of for the benefit of the widow.'—Here he held up a tin coffee pot. 'Gentlemen, please give me a bid for the coffee pot.'

The New Orleans True American of the 10th ult. says:—"The reason of Gen. Scott's having been ordered to the command of the army of Florida, excited some curiosity, which is explained by the information received here, that Gen. Gaines has been ordered to take a position on our south western frontier. The 6th Regiment is placed for this service under the orders of Gen. Gaines. This movement, it is rumored, has been made in consequence of an overture made on the part of Mexico to cede Texas to France. It is more probable, however, that the object of it is to prevent any open breach of neutrality."

Facts for consideration and reflection.—One of our late European packets conveyed intelligence of the demolition of the *Holland Land Company's* Office, and the destruction by fire of its records, books, and securities, by a mob in the Empire State; the alleged destruction, also by a mob, of two banking houses in Nashville, in the State of Tennessee; the notice to repeal the charter of the *Ohio Trust Company* by the Legislature of the State of Ohio; the difficulties touching the payment of the Dutch loan, in the District of Columbia: the Washington Globe the organ of the President of the U. States, calling on the democracy of Pa. to raize to the ground the Bank of the U. States, adding that its ruins should be strewed with salt, by the *friends* and supporters of the government of the United States———and the same packet carried out agents to negociate loans on *the credit of the country!*—*N. Y. American.*

Breach of Promise.—Napoleon B. Hughes, an ironmaster of Franklin county, Pennsylvania, not having his bosom steeled against the barbed arrows of Cupid's quiver, breathed many soft things into the ear of Miss Rebecca Jordan, a poor girl of great personal beauty living in the vicinity. Mr. Hughes (hues) wished to give another coloring to the matter, and denied that his heart had ever been so melted in the furnace of love as to emit any sparks of the tender passion. Miss Jordan, however, demurred, and having brought him before the Court of Sessions instead of that of Hymen, extracted the metal out of the iron-master's composition by making him poney up the gold dust to the tune of $2,000.

An Important Discovery.—It is pretended by an anatomical examination of Joice Heth that she was only about seventy years of age. Nonsense. Her eyes had run out by extreme old age, like those of the aged Arabs of the desert spoken of by Riley. She had claws like an eagle—long, incurvated, and indurated, and, placing aside all documentary evidence, living proofs that she had been blind for thirty years, there is sufficient evidence that she was at, or nearly at, the age ascribed to her when she died. No *post mortem* examination on a subject over seventy can indicate the age or near it.

Improvement in Fire Arms.—A Mr. Colt, of Connecticut, has exhibited in this city, a newly invented rifle and pistol, of admirable construction. The chamber contains tubes for several charges of powder and ball; it may be made to contain from 6 to 10. In cocking the gun to shoot, the chamber revolves on an axis, and brings in succession every tube in the chamber in line with that of the barrel; and when discharged, the act of cocking brings the next tube into position, until all are discharged. All the tubes may be recharged as quickly as a single gun of the ordinary structure. This new implement of war has been shown to the President, the Secretary of War, and the Navy, many officers of both the army and navy, and is considered the most efficient instrument of the kind ever invented. We made an experiment with the rifled pistol, and found it as sure in firing, and accurate to the aim, as the best of the common construction.—*Washington Globe.*

New Orleans, February 9.

By the bye—listen—hold your ear—Spencer—the tall, gawkey Spencer, who sang, if you remember, *The Mellow Horn*, shot poor Frimbly, the *statue* man; he is cold as a *statue* now.—Shot him, sir, dead—poor fellow! Some men have trouble; *flesh is heir to ills*, he is gone now! Spencer took his wife away from him, and married her, they say: then, it is said, Frimbly was not married—be this as it may, Spencer challenged Frimbly after all this, and killed him—then fled the city. He went just in the nick of time, or he would have been nicked beautifully. We do not care much about duelling, but d—— it, when allied to murder it is too bad. They say Spencer fired before the word. There are laws of honour, all of which he broke—so he *broke* away.

A duel took place at Smyrna on the 1st December last between two Midshipmen of the American squadron, named Barton and Wood, in which the former was hit just below the knee, the effect being a severe fracture. Mr. Barton is the son of Dr. W. P. C. Barton of the Navy, now residing in Philadelphia, and Mr. Wood is the son of Mr. Wood of the Chesnut street Theatre in that city. Their seconds were passed midshipmen Ringgold of the Constitution, and M'Donough of the Shark. Barton had been detached from the Constitution and assigned to the Shark, while the vessels were under quarantine; he was received into the proper mess, but not cordially by all, and Wood refused to mess with him, on the ground that a quarrel had existed between them since before leaving the United States. This led to a new quarrel, in which his messmates took sides with Wood, and Barton challenged him; the result is stated above.

Some dissatisfaction appears to have been caused among the officers by the severe manner in which the Commodore manifested his disapprobation of the affair.—*N. Y. Times.*

Elective Franchise.—With all our prejudices against English liberty, it does appear that the King has some privileges after all, and is at least entitled to a vote. The following is from the Windsor poll books:

Will'm the Fourth.	Windsor Castle.	King of Great Britain&Irle'd.

According to custom, or law, we know not which, and in order to secure certain privileges in the city, the heir apparent to the English throne must be a mechanic. George the Third, or Fourth, was a button maker. Louis 16th, of France, was an excellent locksmith and a good miller. Peter the Great was a ship builder.—Several of the European monarchs are excellent turners. We notice these facts, that our young men, with such examples may not turn up their noses at an honorable trade.

SUMMARY OF FOREIGN ITEMS.

As every thing relating to the history of 'Jack Ketch' must be interesting to one of our cotemporaries, it may be well to say that Janet Newall, aged 84, died at Kircudbright, Dec. 3d, being the last of the family of Jno. Newall, hangman of that town—the said John having never had an opportunity of exercising his *honorable* office except in the year 1750.

The Siege of Rochelle, a new opera which is now all the rage at Drury Lane, is the production of a young Englishman named Balfe. This ruddy-faced jolly-looking youth, after having passed some time in Italy, made an unsuccessful debut at the Italian Opera, Paris, in Figaro, in 1828, as Signor Balfi, since which we have not heard of him until his present re-appearance in the character of an author at London. We learn that when the managers at Drury Lane proposed to him that he should still preserve the assumed Italian cognomen of Balfi, he indignantly rejected the proposal, saying that one Englishman was worth ten Italians. He did not however think so in 1828 at Paris.

Price given for Operas.—Dr. Arne, in the year 1763, received for his famous opera Artaxerxes, 60 guineas. Mr. Shields, in the year 1781, for his popular two act musical piece, Rosina, 40*l.* Mr. Storace, in the year 1791, for his opera, The Siege of Belgrade, 1,000*l.* Mr. Braham, in the year 1804, for his opera, the English Fleet in 1342, 1,000 guineas.

Old Newspapers.—In the early part of last century several newspapers were published at the low price of a penny and a halfpenny, in the shape of rivals to the London Gazette. One of these was called "The Penny Post; another, "The Penny Post, or Tradesmen's Select Pacquet;" a third, "The Penny Weekly Journal;" a fourth, "The halfpenny London Journal, or the British Oracle." One paper was even published so low as a farthing, and was entitled "All Alive and Merry, or the London Daily Post."—Specimens of these, and of many more, are preserved among the literary curiosities in the British Museum.

Providential Punishment.—A man in the Pas de Calais, in France, lately stole a hog, which, being of great weight, he fastened on his back. Resting at night against a fence, the cord slipped on his neck and strangled him, thus providentially punishing him with death for the theft he had committed.

Improvements in Agriculture.—Mr. Shillito, of Barrow, has found wheat crushed in a mill, in proportion of six bushels to one of pollard, an excellent food for fattening pigs. Mr. Beck, of Lexham, in default of turnips, has steamed the tops of his mangel wurzel for fattening stock.—Steaming hay, especially where it is damaged by wet, is found to give it all its freshness and to make it an excellent article.

The Germans dine at an earlier hour and much more abundantly than the English or even the French. In Saxony until 1829, the king generally finished his dinner at 2 P. M. The champagne is handed round as the dessert.

An old miser in Ireland, named Coleman, recently dropped dead while discussing the most economical mode of living.

The lowest depression of the thermometer in London in December was 21 above zero.

King Leopold of Belgium marked the anniversary of his birth day by pardoning 79 soldiers condemned for slight military faults.

Tattersall has recently exported an immense quantity of race horses to foreign countries. A number to France and America, and as many as 79 to Germany. It is stated that foreigners must be more particular in their selections, or the demand next year, will be greater than can be supplied.

At a recent sparring exhibition, at which Deaf Burke, Nick Ward, &c. were to be the heroes, the constable suddenly interrupted the sport when an English gentleman invited the parties to his house, where the pastime went off pleasantly without any molestation.

The Fancy appear to be losing ground in England, for Jack Binnacle, one of its late admirers has turned his attention to literature, and is about publishing a work to be entitled "The Age of Humbug."

Lord Mulgrave, the lord lieutenant of Ireland, has presented a richly chased gold snuff-box to Mr. Tyrone Power, the comedian, as a token of his regard.

On the 26th of January, a brute in human form sold his wife, at a village near Sherburne, in open market, with a halter round her neck, for sixpence and a quart of cider.

The subscription for the relief of the distressed protestant clergy in Ireland, advertised previous to the 16th of January, amounted to fifty-nine thousand, three hundred and ninety-eight pounds—about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The Morning Herald of the 10th contains *twelve columns and a half* of additional names, subscribed for various sums from one pound up to two thousand. The amounts are not added up, but to afford some idea of the immense sum subscribed, we may state that each column contains about two hundred names.

Chateaubriand, of whom recently not much has been heard, is translating Milton into French. The publication of Paradise Lost was expected early in February. This translation is to be prefaced by a dissertation upon English literature—Shakspeare, of course, occupies a prominent place in this essay—and this is the judgment passed on him:—

"Shakspeare is of the number of five or six writers who have satisfied the demands of, and furnished food for, the world of thought—those *parent geniuses* who seem to have created and nourished all others. Homer impregnated antiquity; Æschylus, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Horace, Virgil, are his offspring. Dante begat modern Italy, from Petrarch to Tasso. Rabelais created French literature, Montaigne, Lafontaine and Moliere are of his stock. England is all Shakspeare, and even to our day he furnished his language to Byron, his dialogue to Walter Scott."

An atrocious but very unproductive robbery was committed on the night of the 25th of January, in the vault belonging to the family of Lord Maynard, in the Little Easton church. The entrance to the vault is by an iron door, a railing being front. The door of this railing was first forced open, and the thieves then attempted the iron door, but being baffled in this, they partially removed an immense stone which was placed over it. Still failing in obtaining ingress, they employed themselves in displacing the brick work, fourteen or fifteen inches thick, from one side of the door. In this labor considerable time must have been expended, as an opening was made sufficiently wide to admit a person sideway. There were in the vault at the time thirteen or fourteen coffins, from nine of which the plates were removed; several of the coronets and nearly all the hinges from the outer coffins were taken away. The thieves supposed the plates and ornaments were of a costly nature; but they were of brass only, and the amount of the plunder did not, it is supposed, exceed 10*s*. A hard night's work for such poor pay.

SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND.

By the arrival of the ship Chatham, from Liverpool, at Boston, we have received London papers to the 20th of January, and Liverpool to the 21st inclusive.

They give information of a change in the French cabinet, M. Humann, the minister of finance, having resigned, and the count D'Argout been appointed to succeed him. The ordonnance making this appointment is dated January 18th. M. Humann made an exposition of his reasons for resigning, on the next day, in the chamber of deputies; the disagreement between himself and his colleagues was on the subject of the reduction of the five per cent. The Duke de Broglie stated that no other member of the cabinet was of the same opinion with M. Humann on this subject, and that if the measure should be proposed by any deputy (alluding to M. Humann) the government would oppose it with all its force.

The address of the French chamber of deputies in answer to the king's speech was adopted by a vote of 246 to 47.

The ministry sustained an unexpected defeat on that clause of the address relating to Poland. The address as reported was very guarded in its language on this topic; a deputy moved as an amendment the substitution of the following words.

"This auspicious harmony gives us the hope, that, in unison with Great Britain and the powers whose interests are connected with our own, you may be able, sire, to restore the equilibrium of Europe, so necessary to the maintenance of peace; and that the first pledge of it will be the preservation of the ancient nationality of Poland, consecrated by treaties."

The amendment was strenuously opposed by the Duke de Broglie, but carried by a large majority.

The trial of Fieschi was to commence on the 30th of January.

Sir Christopher Pepys and Mr. Richersteth were sworn into office on the 16th of January, the former as lord chancellor and the latter as master of the rolls. Both were raised to the peerage, Sir Christopher by the title of Baron Coltenham, and Mr. Richersteth by that of Baron Langdale.

Accounts from Barcelona to the 19th of January, state that tranquility had not yet been restored in that city, and that manifestations of an insurrectionary spirit had broken out in Ruess and Tarragona, neighboring towns. At Ruess, the Carlist prisoners were saved from destruction by the interposition of Lord Ingestrie, of his B. Majesty's ship Tyne, who received them on board his vessel.

Some speculation was excited in England and on the continent by the sudden departure of Prince Charles, third son of the King of Prussia, for St. Petersburgh. The most prevalent rumor was that the prince had a special mission from his father to the Emperor Nicholas, for the maintenance of pacific views and policy. An approaching rupture between England and Russia was much talked of.

Singapore papers to the 22d of August had been received in London, announcing, among other things, the arrival of an order in council declaring Singapore a free port, and open to vessels of all nations.

A Veteran.—There is now living at Knaresbro' an old pensioner, named Edward Day, upwards of 100 years of age; he was a hatter by trade, and was in the employ of Mr. Francis Moore, the constable of Knaresbro', who was sent, in 1758, with a warrant to Lynn, to take Eugene Aram prisoner, for the murder of Daniel Clarke, and says, that on his master's return with the prisoner he was the man that assisted Eugene Aram into the house and dressed a sore on the arm for him. Soon after Day enlisted for a soldier, and served nineteen years in the 20th regiment; he lost a leg and thigh in the American war when engaged with the Americans. Being a married man, his wife, when hearing that he was wounded in the battle, went to search for him; a thunder storm came on, and she was struck blind by a flash of lightning, as she was opening the gate to enter the field on which her husband lay wounded. They were both got to the hospital. Her sight was gone forever, and she died at Knaresbro' about six or seven years ago. He has always used crutches, not having a sufficient stump left to fasten a wooden leg to, but quite sufficient to cause him much pain in windy and changeable weather. He remained in the Chelsea Hospital from 1779 to 1793, when, at his own request, he became an out-pensioner, and has resided at Knaresbro' ever since. His voice and appetite are tolerably good, but his sight and hearing fail him, and he is growing very feeble and helpless.—*York Chronicle.*

The Emperor of Russia has prohibited the publication of a great work on the statistics of Russia, having decided by an ordinance that this work was not appropriate to the necessaries of the epoch. The motives of this decision are not difficult to fathom. A real statistical account of Russia, by demonstrating how much that country is beneath the position which she assumes in Europe, would be a real humiliation to the cabinet of St. Petersburg.—*French paper.*

Philadelphia Prices Current.
Corrected with the greatest attention Prices Cur. by Rich'd. Wain, Jr. & Co. Brokers.
FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 4, 1836.

ASHES,		
Pots,	100	4 00 @ 4 06
Pearls,	100	4 06 @ 4 12½
BEESWAX,	lb.	25 @ 26
BREADSTUFFS,		
Flour Penn'a.	bbl.	5 50 @ 5 62½
Do. Ohio,		5 50 @ 5 62½
Do. Fancy,		5 75 @ 6 00
Do. Alexandria,		5 50 @ 5 62½
Do. Baltimore,		5 50 @ 5 62½
Do. Fancy,		5 75 @ 6 00
Do. Georgetown,		5 50 @ 5 62½
Do. Fancy,		5 75 @ 6 00
Do. Rye,		4 00 @ 4 12½
Meal, Penn'a.		3 75 @ 3 87½
Do. Brandywine,		3 75 @ 3 87½
Do. Rye,		2 75 @ 3 00
Wheat, Penn'a.	bush.	1 30 @ 1 35
Do. Southern,		1 30 @ 1 35
Do. Red,		1 25 @ 1 30
Rye,		70 @ 72
Corn, Yellow,		60 @ 62
Do. White,		60 @ 62
Do. Southern,		60 @ 62
Oats,		35 @ 36
Barley,		70 @ 75
Beans,		1 00 @ 1 12½
Clover Seed,	lb.	6 @ 6½
Timothy Seed,	bush.	2 00 @ 2 50
Flax Seed,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Do. Rough,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Do. Dressed,		2 00 @ 2 12½
Hemp,	ton	150 @ 160
Hay,		1 00 @ 1 12½
Straw,		50 @ 62½
Cotton, Upland,	lb.	10 @ 11
Do. Alabama,		11 @ 12
Do. Louisiana,		11 @ 12
Do. Mississippi,		11 @ 12
Do. Tennessee,		11 @ 12
Do. Georgia,		11 @ 12
Do. Florida,		11 @ 12
Do. New Orleans,		11 @ 12
Do. Texas,		11 @ 12
Do. Sea Island,		20 @ 25
FEATHERS,		40 @ 45
FISH, Shad,	bbl.	5 00 @ 6 00
Do. Salmon,		12 00 @ 13 00
Do. Mackerel,		12 00 @ 13 00
Do. Herring,		3 00 @ 3 50
FLAXSEED OIL,	gal.	1 00 @ 1 12½
FRUIT, Apples,	bbl.	2 00 @ 2 50
Do. Peaches,		2 00 @ 2 50
Do. Dried,		2 00 @ 2 50
GRASS SEED,		
Orchard,	bush.	1 50 @ 1 62½
Red Top,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Herd's,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Blue,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Lucerne,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Millet,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Hungarian,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Perennial Rye,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Spring Rye,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Timothy,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Clover,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Flax,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Hemp,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Buckwheat,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Canary,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Rape,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Mustard,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Caraway,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Coriander,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Anise,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Fennel,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Cumin,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Sorrel,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Parsley,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Parsnip,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Carrot,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Turnip,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Cabbage,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Cauliflower,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Broccoli,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Kale,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Collard,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Brussels Sprouts,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Kohl Rabi,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Savoy,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Asparagus,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Artichoke,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Salsify,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Scorzonera,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Horseradish,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Radish,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Onion,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Leek,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Garlic,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Shallot,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Chive,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Tarragon,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Thyme,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Sage,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Rosemary,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Marjoram,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Basil,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Mint,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Lavender,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Rue,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Wormwood,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Tansy,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Pennyroyal,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Catnip,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Balm,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Hyssop,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Horehound,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Elecampane,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Gentian,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Valerian,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Snakeroot,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Sarsaparilla,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Ginseng,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Liquorice,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Comfrey,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Mullein,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Foxglove,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Belladonna,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Stramonium,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Hemlock,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Aconite,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Colchicum,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Veratrum,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Digitalis,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Lobelia,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Grindelia,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Eupatorium,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Solidago,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Arnica,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Calendula,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Chamomile,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Feverfew,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Tansy,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Pennyroyal,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Catnip,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Balm,		1 50 @ 1 62½
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Calendula,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Chamomile,		1 50 @ 1 62½
Feverfew,		1 50 @ 1 62½

SAVING FUND SOCIETY.—The Northern Liberties Saving Fund Society will be open for the transaction of business on Monday evening next, from 7 to 9 o'clock, at the office, Second street, above Callowhill.

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST
Saturday, March 5, 1836.

LITERARY SERVICE.

The proprietors of the splendid fête are progressing rapidly, the carpenters having been at work since Monday last, in flooring over the wings and pit of the theatre. The decorations, it is said, will be of the most splendid order, and entertained that the affair will pass off with great eclat. Special invitations have been forwarded to John of Nyo, York, Boston, Baltimore and Washington, and with all due regard to the most holies of our own city, a rare display of beauty and fashion may be anticipated. Many of our institutions have also been sent to the Mayor of New Orleans, the Governors of Illinois, and other distinguished individuals, several of whom are expected to be present. The demand for tickets will, it is probable, far exceed the ability of the managers to supply, the number to be issued being limited.

A committee of the managers will sit at the box office of the Chesnut street theatre, for the purpose of selling tickets, on the 7th, 8th and 9th days of Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week; subscribers should be present at that sealing, for their tickets, in order to avoid disappointment.

MISTY LEGEND.—A very sensible and modest, as well as unpretending book, has been, for a few years past, in the manufacture of mail bayou, very much to the satisfaction of those who are not partial to the use of ardent spirits, and other intoxicating liquors. We have been and are furnished by our enterprising brewers, gifted as they are with liberal and patriotic principles, with as fine, we have no question, but contributed much to aid the cause of temperance, and that of reason among the indiscriminate indulgence in spirituous liquors. Those among the Philadelphia manufacturers of these articles has been most successful in the sale of his beverage, we refer to Mr. Bergner, of Green street, N. L. His beer is an excellent article, light and refreshing, and his ale is as fine as amber, a more agreeable beverage than a glass of malt liquor from his establishment, we do not wish to taste.

We have received a copy of the Third Annual Report of the Managers of the Seaman's Aid Society, of Philadelphia, and state of the society, for the year 1835. The report, which is most elegantly written, is from the pen of Mr. Samuel D. Hale, the President of the Society. It gives a deeply interesting sketch of the proceedings of the Society during the past year, and, we think, conclusively, that the liberal donations of its supporters, most liberally, have not been misapplied. The objects of the institution are, to relieve sick and disabled seamen, and their families—to afford aid to indigent females belonging to the families of seamen—and to aid in promoting the education of Seaman's children, and improving the moral habits and character of Seamen and their families. The institution certainly is worthy of the fostering care, most of the leading and influential men of business.

"O Tempora! O Mores!" is the concentrament of an indignant editorial, in the last number of the Philadelphia Gazette, in which the writer records his newspaper pilferers. The editor says, in speaking of these pilferers, that they are "the fiends, most, most grovelling, low-lived, meaningless and degraded wretches of the human race, we could not find one sufficiently expressive in the whole vocabulary of billingsgate slang." By the time these fellows get through with them, if they are not round their sanctums, with a vengeance of the new bonefide kind, carrying the true impression of each engraver, on Greene's Hill, or the one first employed in the establishment, we are much mistaken, but we have, with all his censures, that he will not succeed, in one bit, even in "awakening their true conscience," or "shaming them into honesty, and repentance."

GLAD EYES.—Little did Shakespeare suppose, when he made one of his characters say, "I get the glad eye in the head of a gentleman," that he was laying down the whereof many statesmen, in the present day, would be guided. We have seen that Dr. Webb, of Cincinnati, inserted an article cut out in the head of a gentleman who had been deprived of one of his optics of vision for more than ten years; and that it succeeded well with his fellow, as to render it difficult for the beholder to decide which was the fresh for the imitation and which the work of the master. The new eye opened and shut with the natural one, and moved with it in all directions; natural one, and moved with it in all directions; and doing every thing, indeed, that a "good and lawful" eye should do, but seeing.

Amusing events must their shadows throw.—Shakespeare.

There has been a continued pressure on the money market for months past. It was anticipated that we were on the United States Bank was orchestrated by Pennsylvania, that this state of affairs would cease and every body be relieved, especially as the Bank would be disposed to accommodate the mercantile community in the utmost of its power. This relief has not yet supervened—and there has been repeated wars that the Bank will have the power immediately to relieve from the pressure, as instructions from Washington, which has leaked out, gives the impression that the Government will pursue a great effort to inform the Bank, by means of the influence of the Administration, that the Bank and Administration members will have to support the Administration in the approaching election, by refusing the distribution of any of the surplus revenue of more than $5,000,000, among the States. It remains to be seen whether they dare risk their popularity with their constituents, by refusing from their own resources an allowance which will result from the distribution of this surplus revenue, and which is now before a committee consisting the proprietors of Pennsylvania Avenue, for their decision.

Such discreditable animosity against a useful institution, by which the whole community may be incurred, and the expectancy of doing all the good which the Bank has been a great benefit, gratuitously, to foster the vindictive opposition of a few individuals, is much to be lamented.

THE BAR.

Attending Court, as a witness or a juryman, is a most excellent school for the study of human nature, and the operations of the mind of examination and interrogation. In a jury box one is enabled to study the heart, in fact which, under less favorable circumstances, shall be in vain sought for. Here the human feelings have generally room a dictator for litigation, and a desire to obtain the verdict of the jury, are more fatal to those not adepts in the chicanery of a lawyer's office. Here the passions are always suppressed, the paltry subterfuges exercised to by counsel, to obtain the verdict, are met and by defiance, and the quibbles and equivocations of the lawyer are met by the unsophisticated jury, ought to be amply sufficient, with any honest man, to make him "swear to tell the truth in a case at issue," to forswear, forever, all voluntary connection with the Court House.

There can be no question, we think, but that the vast tribes of petitioning lawyers, eternally annoying the community with their great desire to die in the way of a prompt and efficient administration of justice, would soon disappear, as men of small intellectual calibre, whatever may be their pretensions to a general knowledge of the law, so far at least, as regards the practice, would soon be overwhelmed with the competition against them of men of brilliant talents, fine natural powers, and strong mental powers—of which the Philadelphia bar boasts numbers—and who, in the practice of the law, would display the profession they have chosen. As these gentlemen are but rarely honored with a brief, or a client, they would make the most of it, to clutch one, they should make the most of it, and would be sure to do it. Such is the unfailable description of a law-suit, in which the parties are not represented by counsel—one in the dark—the other in the sunshine, while the lawyer is the only one who is benefitted by the grossly unjustifiable conduct.

The true practice of the law, in our courts, there are, however, many gentlemen of superior talents, who would do honor to any court of jurisprudence in the civilized world. Possessing, with their extensive legal attainments and general knowledge, high-toned principles of honor and probity, their conduct, as rival parties in a cause, is marked by courtesy and gentlemanly treats of the ruliest character, at once deeply interesting and instructive. With one gentlemen are but rarely honored with a brief, or a client, they should make the most of it, and would be sure to do it. Such is the unfailable description of a law-suit, in which the parties are not represented by counsel—one in the dark—the other in the sunshine, while the lawyer is the only one who is benefitted by the grossly unjustifiable conduct.

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Several lots have already been disposed of, and, from what we have heard upon the subject, the rise receives the approbation of a majority of the public. The situation is certainly a delightful one, and, when the whole of the lots are laid out, a fine prospect of the surrounding country, with all its rich and variegated scenery, will be had from it, which the ever fickle Spicuffili gilding the city, will be in vain sought for in the vicinity of the dashes of an oyster, while the lawyer is the only one who is benefitted by the grossly unjustifiable conduct.

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A book for the record of the names of persons who have visited the Falls of Niagara has been deposited at the Philadelphia Library, south 5th street, above Chesnut, where further information may be obtained.

NEW ORLEANS.

A general bustle seems to prevade the city of New Orleans, into two distinct corporations, leaving the part below Canal street, under the direction of the Creole French population, and that above, under the direction of the enterprising and industrious portion of the American inhabitants. A great deal of jealousy exists between the two parties, and which probably have arisen from the fact, says the Concordia Gazette, that the two united Councils have been unable to agree upon any measure, and the consequence is, that the public improvements are neglected, and which may be shown with pride by our citizens to strangers.

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THE OLIO

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

COMMUNICATION.

Solution of the Mathematical Question, published in the Saturday Evening Post, of Jan. 30

Three-fifths of one-fourth, of three fifths of five score—Nine.
One-third of two-sixes, divided by four..................—One.
One-half of two-thirds of six more than four threes......—Six.
Three-fourths of eight dozen, add eight if you please—Eighty.

OR,

$$\tfrac{3}{5} \times \tfrac{1}{4} \times \tfrac{3}{5} \times (5 \times 20) = 9$$
$$\tfrac{1}{3} \times 6 \times 6 \div 4 = 1$$
$$\tfrac{1}{2} \times \tfrac{2}{3} \times (4 \times 3) = 6$$
$$\tfrac{3}{4} \times (8 \times 12) + 8 = 80$$

The initials of the four numbers, when joined together, you will spy,
A thing called NOSE, which is just under your eye. Q. E. D.

(From the January Southern Literary Messenger.)

THE WAGONER.

I've often thought if I were asked
Whose lot I envied most—
What one I thought most lightly tasked
Of man's unnumber'd host—
I'd say, I'd be a mountain boy,
And drive a noble team, Wo, hoy!
Wo, hoy! I'd cry,
And lightly fly
Into my saddle seat;
My rein I'd slack—
My whip I'd crack—
What music is so sweet?

Six blacks I'd drive, of ample chest,
All carrying high the head;
All harness'd tight, and gaily drest
In winkers tipp'd with red—
Oh yes, I'd be a mountain boy,
And such a team I'd drive, Wo, hoy!
Wo, hoy! I'd cry,
The lint should fly—
Wo, hoy! you Dobbin! Ball!
Their feet should ring
And I would sing,
I'd sing my fal de rol.

My bells would tingle, tingle ling,
Beneath each bear-skin cap,
And as I saw them swing and swing,
I'd be the merriest chap—
Yes, then I'd be a mountain boy
And drive a jingling team Wo, hoy!
Wo, hoy! I'd cry—
My words would fly,
Each horse would prick his ear;
With tighten'd chain
My lumbering wain
Would move in its career.

The golden sparks, you'd see them spring
Beneath my horse's tread;
Each tail I'd braid it up with string
Of blue, or flaunting red;
So does, you know, the mountain boy
Who drives a dashing team, Wo, hoy!
Wo, hoy! I'd cry—
Each horse's eye
With fire would seem to burn;
With lifted head
And nostril spread
They'd seem the earth to spurn.

They'd champ the bit, and fling the foam,
As on they dragged my load;
And I would think of distant home,
And whistle upon the road—
Oh would I were a mountain boy—
I'd drive a six horse team, Wo, hoy!
Wo, hoy! I'd cry—
Now by yon sky,
I'd sooner drive those steeds
Than win renown,
Or wear a crown
Won by victorious deeds.

For crowns oft press the languid head,
And health the wearer shuns,
And victory, trampling on the dead,
May do for Goths and Huns—
Seek them who will, they have no joys
For mountain lads, and Wagon-boys.

Leeches are getting to be so much esteemed by medical men in this country, that the Massachusetts Medical Society have offered a premium of five hundred dollars for the best sample of not less than one thousand Leeches from a foreign stock, bred in that State. Their object is to promote the propagation of foreign Leeches, so that they may be generally attainable and at a lower price than by importation from abroad.

A FIRST RATE HATCHER.—A Poughkeepsie paper states, that Miss G—P——, of Dutchess county, N. Y. has this season obtained from 12 hens, 78 dozen eggs and 105 chickens. Her management was by copious feeding to induce all the hens to lay whenever she wished them to instead of setting, and to place the chickens under the care of one hen in a coop.—Miss G—P—— is equal to an Egyptian oven. What a prize such a girl would be to any husband that delights in a numerous progeny.

Prince of Wales and Major North.—North was an aid-de-camp to the Baron Steuben, Inspector General of the Revolutionary Army. After the peace, he made a trip to England, where, being a sensible, witty young man, he was introduced into good company.—At a party, where the Prince of Wales was present, (the King then laboring under his first malady) Major North was called on for a toast. Forgetful, for a moment, of that propriety which had distinguished him, he unguardedly proposed, 'A speedy coronation to the Prince of Wales.' The Prince instantly discharged his glass of wine in the Major's face; who, with great self-possession and ready humor, threw his own in the face of the next guest, exclaiming pass it round—'tis the Prince's sentiment.' This was a serious beginning turned into a jocular end.

LONDON LYRICS.

The correspondent of the N. Y. Evening Star gives the following item: "There has been quite an interesting literary trial. *Alaric Attila* Watts, the well known gentleman of *Gothic* patronymics, who nevertheless edits the *Literary Souvenir*, has sued the famous Fraser's Magazine, for making fun of his poetry and wife. Fraser had to poney up for the latter cowardly attack. The following was given among the specimens of poetry in Fraser, in the obnoxious critique on the annuals, to show that the humor was altogether innocent and no more levelled at Watts than other authors:

ADDRESSED TO 'MARY.'

'Sweet muse! like a love-sigh it melts from the lips,
'And deep in the heart-fount of feeling it dips:
'Its music dumbfounders the warbling canary—
'Of all names in England there's no name like Mary!

'In "Caroline" Norton, 'tis true, there's a spell,
'And liquid's the tone thrills forth L. E. L.;
'Food names sound to bless both the boudoir and dairy—
'But of all names in England there's no name like Mary!

'Ah, why did the vulgar invent the word "Poll?"
'Not Oliver Cromwell, when called simple Noll,
'Had half as much cause to complain of "Quandary,"
'As women degraded to Polly from Mary.'

Important to Philosophers.—The Philadelphia Herald says, "It is now well known that *silicious sand*, fused with any alkali, will produce glass."

In addition to this, we also state, what is equally important, namely, that *wooden white-oak trees*, alive of the right age, and in the proper season, will produce acorns.

The *hepatic livers*, in a healthy state, will produce healthy bile.

That *igneous fire* will burn your fingers, if you stick them into it without gloves.

That a *feline cat* is very apt to scratch, if she is not in good humor; and that a *canine dog* is oftentimes wonderfully attached to a *human man*.

That *vinous wine* will certainly get you fuddled, if you drink too much of it; and *spirituous rum*, ditto.

That *niveous snow* is very cold; and *pluvious rain* very wet.

That *manual hands* are sometimes greatly inclined to do mischief; and *pedal feet*, to run into difficulty.

That *nasal noses* will inevitably suffer, this cold weather, if they happen to stand out too far from the face; and that *dental teeth* may be kept from aching by putting them into one's pocket.

That *sonorous sounds* and *vocal voices* are most apt to strike the *auricular ear*.

And finally, that *literary letters*, formed into *verbal words*, are quite useful in communicating the *cogitative thoughts* of the *mental mind*.—*N. Y. Trans.*

From the British Lady's Magazine.

SIGNIFICATION

Of some of the most usual Christian Names.

[illegible]

From the Portland Advertiser.

BROOKS' LETTERS.

THINGS IN SWITZERLAND.—No. XLVI.

Geneva, Sept. 7th, 1835.

After my excursion as written in my last, and my return to Peterlingen, I "voyaged"—that is the word of the day—toward Lausanne with my little writing apparatus, and my India Rubber dress, for my sole companions.—But said it is with some truth, no man's so little at times "alone than when most alone;" for then he can hold high converse with himself, and think aloud without asking why. The Babel-like jargon here, which seems like a mingling of French, Italian, and German, in one hotch-potch, is the only drawback: but money will always give you enough to eat,—and what do you want more in a world where we only live to eat, sleep, and—die? I met with no adventure worth relating. The Roman letters in the guide-posts,—the German letters are always a bother,—and an excellent map taught me the way. The *Minidunum* of the Romans, (Moudon now,) I passed, where they show an inscription upon what was an altar, importing that Quintus Ælius had erected it in honor of *Jupiter*.

The days had suddenly become shorter; and it was long after dark when I reached Lausanne, and found a lodgement in the *Lion d'Or*. Now and then I grow suspicious, and this night I bolted and double-barred my door, and piled up all the chairs against it,—why, I am sure I know not; for this country is as safe to travel in, and perhaps safer than America, particularly since all the vagabonds of the Old World are seeking a refuge there, for here the passport system, if it does vex one much, keeps the vagabonds at bay, or traces them as they go along. A story I had heard, of a robbery at St. Gothard, by some men in masks, perpetrated on a Swiss Count and his family, had perhaps alarmed me, though this is so very extraordinary now, that it has aroused the whole country—but why should I care? for this was in the passes of the Alps, and I am in an open country. Nevertheless, there is the feeling. I record it. It is as pleasant, I fancy, to be murdered in one place as in another; but I have a choice of the spot, if they will give it to me.—Uncomfortable indeed, it would be to be disposed of here, without one's knowing what had become of one's self, to say nothing of that longing we have—why I cannot see—to be mourned for by our friends, and thus making them miserable. See the reflections of a lone pedestrian!

When I had the first view of Lake Leman, I was not cold nor hungry, as when I saw Mont Blanc. It was from the terrace of Gibbon's house, under the very tree where he composed much of his great work upon the Roman Empire. The house is nothing remarkable—half a franc carried me through its aisles to the garden—the garden is not much,—but of the lake, the lake, the glorious lake, and the huge proud Alps that cast their shadow upon its bosom,—who can draw the picture? Mountains make men, mountains, I verily believe, for scarcely has a pen been touched on the shores of Leman, that has not written in letters of flame. The very periods of Gibbon are in Alpine grandeur; and he struts in sentences at times, as if he, an Alp, were walking on the paper. How thick emotions throng upon the mind, as first one sees the lake, so long renowned. Voltaire had been inspired here. "Vaunt not of Italian lakes," he says to Virgil—*Mon lac est mon premier*, he adds with enthusiasm. The enchanting scenes of Rousseau's Heloise were here. That divine "*Julie*," whom he loves in spite of crime, found a fitting home upon this lake, and the hills around it. What a bewitching, dangerous book it is! How this man of contradiction, all nature and all sophism too, makes passing virtue, and sin a charming thing! If a woman can read the book, and think the worse of "*Julie*," she has not a woman's soul. I have been reading his *Confessions* in this Geneva, his own home; and such a witchery he has thrown over our crime, that I do not wonder the people have given him a monument, and adore him too. He tells you all is wrong—he shows you how—he warns you off,—and yet he makes the wrong so right, that the wrong is seen better than right, and you love it too. "Go," says Rousseau in his *Confessions*, "to Vevay,—visit the country, examine the seats, promenade upon the lake, and say if nature has not made this country for a Julie, for a Claire and for a St. Preux,—but do not seek them there." Oh, no, and no where else; for there are no such beings to be found, but in the spiritual fancies of a wild Rousseau.—Rousseau extols the sunsets here, and Byron has only versified, most happily to be sure, what the man of poetry said in prose:

"Clarens! sweet Clarens! birth place of deep Love!
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought;
Thy trees take root in love; the snows above
The very glaciers have his colors caught,
And sunset into rose hues sees them wrought
By rays which sleep there lovingly: the rocks,
The permanent crags, tell here of Love who sought
In them a refuge from the worldly shocks
Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos, then mocks."

In this description, versified from Rousseau, there is much of truth,—for a long time after the sun is down, the rays of the sun are seen on the high Alps, which the glaciers reflect back in the colors of the rose; and yet even this Alpine sunset was not so beautiful as many I have witnessed in New England, in the long twilight of summer.

Rousseau, Voltaire, and Gibbon, however, are not the only great intellects that have given a charm to the lake and the lake country here. Geneva, indeed, boasts of Rousseau, the house in which he was born is shown here, now in a narrow, obscure street;—and Ferney was the villa of Voltaire, Lausanne long the home of Gibbon, and Coppet of Madame de Stael. But not a little glory for Geneva was it, that at the Campagno no Diodato, a house upon the lake, not a mile from that city, now inhabited by a Russian family, Byron composed perhaps the finest canto in Childe Harold, (the third,) that grandest of his Dramatic Poems, Manfred, too—and last, though not least, the affecting "*Prisoner of Chillon*,"—for so powerfully did the Alps in the distance inspire him, and the blue "arrowy Rhone," and the associations connected with the lake. The republic of Geneva—(and let those who decry republics, as paralyzing the human intellect, look here with shame)—has not only adopted many illustrious men, but produced them also. And yet Geneva is but a little city, not near so large as Boston. Rousseau I have spoken of. Here was the home of Calvin, Burlamaqui Le Sage, the philosopher Abauzit—the friend and Mentor of Peter the Great, whom Voltaire compliments as so learned—Necker, Dumont, Say, Sismondi—and in short, I have a catalogue of half a page before me—were all sons of the Genevese republic. Intellect has not only clustered here, but does to this very day. The soil of liberty is a fruitful soil in intellect as well as principles.—The mind that is its own ever thinks with wider range and nobler bearing. The pen that knows no hamper moves with a freeman's march. The tongue that does not tremble speaks a freeman's feelings. When every man does know the highest honors of his state are in his grasp, he has an impulse no *subject* ever felt. The first of these conditions has studded English history with so many stars. The second impulse will make my own land another Rome—I am as sure of it as that I now hear the rushing of the Rhone—if only the popular impulse can be preserved unbroken and unsoiled. What is little Geneva, or her little lake?—a little city, which the Alps and Jura almost crush in their close embrace!—and yet with such lustre over it has Liberty lighted up, that the very stars seem to twinkle with a lovelier light. Well, then, what will be my own land of the orange and the olive, as well as of the Alpine snow, where Liberty dwells by ocean, lakes, and wilderness of Alps—where Nature seems to have traced out a home for some mightier purpose—where nobler rivers, wilder scenes, louder cataracts, have promised, as it were, to cradle a nobler race of men!—Alas, I never think of our Future, but that I am sinner enough to lament that I was born and must die so soon. I desire only to see that brilliant Future which is coming every day, but I desire yet more to see that strange revolution of opinion it must inevitably work upon the millions in the old world here, who now only know that we *exist!*

I will not undertake to give you a detailed account of the tours and detours I have made around this interesting lake of Leman or Geneva; for my object is, and has been all along, to record the impressions of an American fresh from the new world, as he sees the old world here, and to draw such contrasts as I think may profit my countrymen, rather than to chronicle every step I take, or all the curiosities I see. If I could write with more freedom, I could do more good; for I am sorry to say I have not yet quite emancipated myself from the bonds that popular opinion too often impose upon thought in the United States, so as to write all the truths I have the vanity to suppose I discover as I go along. I venture to say, no American ever wrote a paragraph likely to effect that popular opinion, without feeling the weight of these bonds upon him every letter he turned; for, with all our charities, we have not as yet learned to have a charity for the opinions of others, as they vary from our own. Our own opinions, too, change, as we see different nations and different people. In the Prussian dominions, in the German States, I was a violent radical, and I shall be again when I cross over in the States of Austria and Italy; for I abhor, above all things, to see power oppressing a country and paralyzing its energies; but the Swiss governments here exhibit such a spectacle, so much the more pleasing, in leaving the human faculties the full power to develope themselves; and such a catastrophe did the wild revolutionary doctrines of France work here, that the radicalism is again properly tempered, and I think I shall pass for a sane man. These are the two dangers the American is to guard against, who travels in Europe. The spectacle of oppression will make him think as I often do, that all government is a nuisance—and if a necessary one, the less of it the better; while on the other hand, the luxurious and refined taste that power has here, the splendor about it, the intellect often of the higher classes, the gallery of paintings, sculpture, antiquities, &c. all such things conspire to dazzle and delude the mind that will not think to love them, and the displays of them, apart from the possessors and their acts of oppression. Such things, I say, may change the American, and make an European of him. The first converts him into an anarchist, and the second into a sycophant—extremes equally to be dreaded, and against which every sensible American will be on his guard. He who will remember that a cultivated taste, education, and well-bred manners, are not dissociated with the fact that all men are free and equal in their privileges, and that taste and wealth have as much power under a republican government, thus to minister to the nobler faculties of the mind, as under a despotism—such a person will only burn to inspire all his countrymen with a love for these elevated pursuits, that confer almost the only honor upon much of the aristocracy of Europe.—They do injustice to a republic, who fancy that vulgarity and coarseness are its necessary accompaniments. This is the cry of the monarchist here; and though Athenian taste and refinement in the strength even of its democracy, and Roman villas and Roman ruins of Rome's best days, prove all this to be false, yet it ought to be our ambition to prove it false also. [illegible]

some precious MSS. and it is adorned with the portraits of many of the illustrious Genevese. The Museum of Natural History has in it specimens of almost all the different classes of animals, especially those of Switzerland, and a multitude of petrifactions—with minerals, geological collections, anatomical preparations, antiquities, medals, remarkable products or achievements of industry—in short, a whole catalogue of curiosities, the knowledge of a tenth part of which would make one "wondrous wise."

But this is not all. The Hall of Science is not enough for the noble Genevese. One promenade for all her citizens does not satisfy their tastes. They mean to make the people love Nature, and then teach them how to study it. A little island has been made on the lake, where the Rhone rushes out, which they have connected to the main land by suspension bridges, planted with trees, furnished with seats, adorned with walks and grass plats and flowers, with a statue of Jean Jacques Rousseau in the centre—as if that delicate voluptuary of nature was smiling over the scene; and there all the people crowd in the evenings to listen to music, to interchange their feelings, to watch the sunset on the distant Alps, to see its last rays as it colors the vineyards round, or to mark, as now, the flashing of the bright moon upon the rippling waters, as the Rhone fall disturbs them. Charming! charming! it is a very paradise of a place. I only wonder that the people in such society are not all philosophers and poets. *Cui bono*—perhaps some cynic may ask—of all these charming scenes, and all these halls of science?—Listen to me and I will tell. I will reason as a man of business.

Geneva is so situated that she can have little or no commerce. The lake is too small for much distant trade.—To look at the city only of itself, one might be surprised that the people thrived at all. Even an ingenious Yankee would think himself puzzled to get a living here. Newburyport, for example, has a thousand natural advantages where Geneva has one. Portland is better able, on account of its local situation, to feed a million of people than Geneva is her 22,000,—for so many souls keep up all this expense that I have described above.

Well then, what did the wise Genevese do, seeing their situation? They taught the people to live by their talents, and upon the intellectual tastes and luxuries of the world. They gave the people books, and that gave them scholars. They made their city a little Athens, and this for a century made Geneva one of the most celebrated *printing* shops in the world. The printer profited—so did the paper maker and the book binder too, as well as the book maker—ay, even the seller of rags. For years and years Geneva supplied France with many of her most liberal books—particularly, it is true, because liberal works for years and years could not be published in France, but chiefly for the reasons I have given. This is not all. The schools of art have filled the city with artists, and the artists who spend their money, live upon the tastes of all the world. The man who had a taste for landscape painting, felt it warm, ed as he strood on the little island, and saw the lake and the mountain scenery. The painter of flowers studied his art in the Botanic Garden, and the people there learned to value it. The painter of portraits sees his works admired in the public library, and therefore he determined to be worthy of that admiration. The man whose bosom burns with love of country, is there inspired also to act so that he may merit a palm with his illustrious countrymen. The schools and halls of industry—you see what they have done; they have given Geneva some of the best workshops in the world. Watches, trinkets, and toys—who can tell how well, or how many are made here? Little things, very little, some may think all these—but they centre trade, and they bring wealth too. See thus *the good* which the gardens, the societies, and the promenades are doing. The more a man knows, I have said before, *the more he can earn*. The better his tastes are, I will add now, the happier he is—the less liable to temptation, and the harder will he work *to earn the wealth to gratify them*. It is better to be on the New York Battery an evening, than in a New York tippling shop; and if the Battery is the nearer, it will catch the stray walker—if not, the tippling shop may pick him up. Politicians, when you tell your countrymen they are the wisest and happiest people on earth, remember the little Republic of Geneva.

B.

LUKE WHITE,

The father of JUDGE WHITE, *now a prominent candidate for the Presidency.*

The late Luke White, rose by slow degrees, from being the poorest, to the richest man in Ireland. In 1778, Mr. Warren, of Belfast, kept one of the most respectable and extensive bookshops in Ireland. His circulating library was, perhaps, at that time, the largest in the kingdom. Luke White was then an itinerant bookseller, with a small bag and still smaller capital. He called on Mr. Warren in the course of business, and purchased from him some of his old cast off novels, and broken sets, as well as a few ballads and penny pamphlets. He displayed in his dealings, with Mr. Warren, the greatest honesty and punctuality, and was, on more than one occasion, credited by him to the amount of two or three pounds! We have not been able to trace out where he lodged; but we suppose it must have been in no very respectable domicile, as he found it safe and desirable to deposite his bag, "his all," nightly in Mr. W's shop; and, next morning, when the clerks opened the concern, he resumed his burden and his toilsome occupation. To think that behind Mr. Warren's counter should have been deposited, in a greasy linen bag, the property of a ragged pedlar, the very beginning of such wealth as Mr. White lately bequeathed! The lean visaged philosopher," with spectacles on nose," and a world of anxious doubt and care reposing in every furrow of his wrinkled brow, peeps with a palpitating heart, in his crucible, to see whether his chemical discoveries and experiments have produced that longsought for substance, whose touch turns to gold; but not more anxiously, we are sure, than did Luke White con over the bundles of Chevy Chase, and the fair Matilda, which Mr. Warren's shopmen supplied him with—the paltry profits from which were to be increased to two millions sterling! At this time Mr. Robert Hodgson, bookseller, of this town, lived in North street. Luke White was in the habit of calling on him, to get some of his workmen to patch up the broken binding of the second hand purchase. To erase from the title page the word "vol." to scrape out the same at the end of the book—to mend its crazy joints—to polish up its worn out sides—to yellow its edges, and to make it pass upon the less learned, in those matters, as a complete work, "little used," is a portion of duty well known to the speculators in literary rubbish. We are to suppose that Mr. White, with the aid of the bookbinder, was not behind others in his trade. The best and usual mode adapted to getting off works of this description, is by auction. There is then no time to examine into the merits of what is put up, or to collate over signatures, "going, going," and as the auctioneer tells his auditors that the like advantage will never occur again, the gaping multitude "taking the ball on the first hop," and the book goes off at a good value. Mr. White was also *au fait* at this branch of his business; and was in the practice of selling by auction his pamphlets and imperfect volumes, in the public streets of Belfast. On these occasions, he used to borrow a three-legged stool from Mr. Hodgson, to elevate himself above his literary congregation; and as if the smiling goddess, who led him through pleasant walks to a bank of wealth, had determined to flirt with her own freaks, she changed the three legs of the stool in common street, to the three seats in the Commons' House! His future history is well known.—The knowledge he thus acquired of public sales, procured him the situation of clerk to an auctioneer in Dublin. He opened a small bookshop, became eminent in that line, sold lottery tickets, and speculated in the funds. By stock-jobbing, and contracting for government loans, he was enabled to bequeath at his death, 20,000*l.* a year, and 100,000*l.* in money and securities. This remained after the enormous sum of *two hundred thousand pounds sterling* expended upon elections.

A Rare Chance for the Girls.—A gentleman has handed us the following letter, which he has recently received from Ohio: as he thinks its publication in our columns will aid his inquiries, we cheerfully give it a place. The author will perhaps blame us for not suppressing it; but as the letter is well written, and contains nothing which is not honourable, both to his heart and head, we have thought it best not to suppress his name.

Wellington, Lorain County, Ohio.

To——————, Newburyport, Mass.

Dear Sir: I perceive by the Louisville Public Advertiser, that you have one thousand more females than males, in your town; and of course you have some girls that would make good wives, and I am in want of one. I am twenty-two years old, and of middling size of decent appearance; of a good education for a backwoodsman; own a good farm, with improvements, sufficient to support a small family; and have a good crop of wheat on the ground. I am a good natured man, of a good moral character, and in good credit; and if you can send me a good girl, not over twenty-five years of age, I will pay all expenses, receive her thankfully and use her well and thank you, dear sir, a thousand times besides; for there are no girls in this place, and my business is such that I cannot leave to find one. LUTHER W. DAY.—*Newburyport Herald.*

Important news of Leap Year.—A point of law has recently been decided by the Magistrates, of Exeter, England, in which all who are liable to those "amantium iræ" which do not end in the renewal of love, are deeply interested. It is thus reported in the Court Journal. A land-plaintiff summoned a defendant-swain for restoration of a "watch," which, in her liberal hour of love (it was but an hour, alas,) she had fondly bestowed upon him. He had returned the pledge with a "brooch," and was now called upon to "return it" indeed. He refused; the watch was a gift—and it was his. But the law officer of the court recollected an old treatise, called the 'Woman's Lawyer,' in which the point had been stated and the law laid down. The book was sent for, and the passage read. The effect of it was, that gifts given during a courtship had a tacit condition annexed to them—that if marriage did not ensue, the *gifts were to be returned*, subject to this proviso, that if the gentleman had a kiss for his gifts, he could only claim to have *half* of them returned, but, that the law was more indulgent to the lady, who was permitted, without any condition, to have back all she gave. The 'Woman's Lawyer' prevailed; the watch was returned to the lady, and her ex-swain received back *half* the value of the brooch—for *all* could not in this case be demanded.

"And I will give you back your heart,
If you will give back mine to me."

sings the poet; but the conditions in law, it seems, are not quite so simple. A lover who received a watch from the lady of his heart, can only hope to make it his own by setting a better watch on her affections.—*Boston Post.*

TOADS.—Mr. Knight, the nurseryman, keeps a large number of toads in his stoves, as he finds them beneficial in destroying wood-lice, which injure his plants. The heat in some of the stoves, on the 1st of August, was 130 degrees, (showing how capable toads are of enduring great heat, as well as extreme cold) and yet the toads did not appear at all affected by it. If an insect was put five or six inches from one of them it seized it with so much rapidity that it was difficult to perceive how it disappeared. On one occasion a large toad ate four good-sized beetles, one after the other; they were taken up in its fore-feet, and, when he got them endwise to his mouth, they were swallowed in succession. Toads are harmless animals, and of infinite use in a garden, consuming great numbers of slugs and destructive insects.

THE SILK CULTURIST.

Cuttings.

Cuttings should be taken off with a sharp knife, from shoots of the previous summer's growth. They should be from six to fifteen inches in length, and should, in all cases where practicable, have a portion of old wood attached to the end to be put in the ground. Let them be placed in a nursery bed, well manured, in rows eighteen inches apart, the cuttings nine inches asunder. They should be taken from the tree between the falling of the leaf in the fall, and the swelling of the bud in the spring. In planting, they must be placed, two-thirds their own length, in the ground, great care being taken to press the ground well around them. In dry weather they must be watered well, say twice a week, be always kept clean of weeds, and have the earth stirred two or three times in the course of the summer and spring. The cuttings, when taken from the tree, should be wrapped up in a matting, or put away in dry sand, in a dark cellar, and kept until the opening of spring, when they should be planted out, in somewhat a slanting position. If attended to and forced by occasional waterings, with suds or the drainings of dung, they will be fit to transplant the second spring thereafter, either in hedges or orchards.

Suckers.

These should be separated from the parent plant early in the spring, each with some roots; if of sufficient size, they may immediately be placed in their permanent position; if not, let them be put into a nursery bed, two feet apart, where they are to remain until their size indicates the propriety of the removal. They must, in either case, be treated as seedlings or cuttings, with respect to being kept clean and watered.

Early Supply of Leaves.

In order to provide against every possible casualty from frosts, and to secure an early supply of leaves for the worms, on their first hatching, the culturist should place a hedge in some warm situation, say a southern exposure, well protected from the northern and western winds, and in the spring, early, they should have a covering of plaited straw or matting, to protect them from the frost at night. As the worms, in their first feeding, consume but little, this hedge might be located on a garden border, and as it would only be used for a few days, it would, during the rest of the season, form a very pretty ornament to the garden: seed might also be sown, broadcast or in drills, in a forcing border, or hot bed, to be in readiness to meet the first calls of the worms for food. There are also other resources to which the agriculturist might resort for the early feeding of his worms, whenever their hatching may anticipate the leaf of the Mulberry. Lettuce, Dandelion, the White Raspberry, and the dry leaves of the Mulberry, of the preceding year, reduced to powder, moistened lightly with water, have all been found to answer the purpose of temporary feeding; but the use of either should only be adopted in the event of the hatching of the worms before the appearance of the Mulberry leaves, which should be sedulously guarded against, by carefully keeping the eggs in such a temperature and location as will delay the coming forth of the worms until there is a regular supply of food to sustain them.

Division Hedges.

Where ground is an object, the White Mulberry might be made to perform the place of division fences; if planted along the fences and wattled in with the rails, in a few years they would form not only a very beautiful, but a *permanent living fence*, as when they once fairly take a start, it is impossible to eradicate them, even with the aid of the grubbing hoe and the pick axe; for trees which had been cut down upwards of twenty years, have been known to throw up young shoots every spring, thus manifesting a tenacity for life which render them invaluable as live-fences. It has been ascertained that if the Mulberry be protected from cattle for two or three years, all further protection will be unnecessary, as the biting off of the young twigs in spring by cattle, is rather a service than a disservice. Hedges intended for the joint purpose of fences and food, should be trimmed as before prescribed, and be kept at about six feet high.

RURAL ECONOMIST.

HINTS ON MANURE.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD.

If I were asked what I considered the first and most essential requisite to successful husbandry, the production of large crops, and the keeping of land in good heart, I should, without hesitation, answer—manure. Should the question be repeated as to the second most necessary article, the reply would still be—Manure. And for the third time, if again asked, the answer must be as before—Manure. To crop land continually, and return nothing to the soil, is most unphilosophical. To be continually borrowing from the indulgent earth, without an effort to repay, is, to say the least of it, foolish ingratitude. I scarcely could desire better evidence of the state of a man's farm, and his success in farming, than a knowledge of the manner in which he disposes of his manure, would afford. When I see how many farmers manage in this, to them, all important matter,—how negligent they are in the accumulation and use of their resources, and how they dole out their pitiful allowance of manure to their farms, I am reminded of that inveterate farming speculatist, Lord Kames, of Scotland. His overseer, a plain, strong-minded, practical man, was called into his lordship's study one day, and thus addressed—"John, I have made a great discovery that will save all this trouble and expense of carting out and spreading manure about the fields. In short, John, I have found out the way of extracting the *essence of dung*, so that I can carry out as much as will manure a whole field, in my waistcoat pocket." John hung his head and said nothing. "Why, John," resumed his lordship, "you do not appear to realize the value of this invention, or—but you surely do not doubt what I am telling you, John?" "Oh no, my lord," replied John, "it's not for me to doot ony thing your lordship says, but I was just thinking that if your lordship were to carry the dung out in your waistcoat pocket, ye might bring the crap home in your great-coat pocket."

Undoubtedly the great desideratum to successful farming is, to ascertain the best means of making the greatest possible quantity of manure, and the proper method of applying this when made. There are some farms so rich by nature, that comparatively small quantities of manure answer every desirable purpose, and where the application of more would, by inducing too large a growth of straw, and causing grain and grass to lodge before arriving at maturity, be rather injurious than otherwise; but such farms are few indeed, and it may safely be asserted, that nine in ten of the farms of Western New York, and I apprehend the same state of things exists elsewhere in the United States, now require all the manure that can be produced on them; and this demand, in most cases, is yearly becoming more urgent. In a new country like ours, we have not yet been compelled to resort to the various measures older countries have adopted, to keep their lands fertile, and of course, public opinion has been very little directed, in any quarter, to the subject of manure. We have emptied our yards, if we happen to have any, once in two or three years, perhaps; but it has not been so much for the sake of the manure they contained, as to avoid the inconvenience resulting from its accumulation; but time and necessity will learn us to be more attentive, and more economical. There are, as the reader must already know, a multitude of articles that can be employed in fertilizing or manuring our soils, such as lime, marl, gypsum, and in general, all substances which assist decomposition, are liable to putrefaction, or in any way are capable of furnishing food for plants; but the remarks here made are intended to refer mainly to the manure produced in the stable and barn-yard, as such is the kind with which, for many years, the farmer of this country will be most conversant.

The first requisite, in order to have stable and barn-yard manure, is to have stables and barn-yards. Every farmer who understands his business, appreciates the advantages of good yards; they are in fact almost as indispensable as a barn. It is surprising to see with what mere apologies for yards some are contented; while those of others are as extensive as their farms, with the addition, perhaps, of the neighbouring highways. Instead of being disposed in racks, or well enclosed yards, their fodder is spread over half an acre—half of it scattered by the winds to every point of the compass—much of the remainder is trodden into the earth or snow, by the cattle or sheep, while in hot pursuit of such migratory parcels as they are able to overtake; and but a small part of the whole reaches its proper destination, the stomach of the ill treated brute. Thus farmers lose the benefit of their fodder—they lose their manure—in the spring they lose their sheep, while their cows resemble those of Florida, of which a veracious traveller asserts, it requires two, and sometimes three, to make a shadow. In order to derive the greatest benefit from a yard, no water should be suffered to run from it; or if such a result cannot be avoided, it should be received into an artificial basin, into which a thousand other useless or noxious materials may be cast, and thus converted into valuable compost, or manure. By allowing the leachings of a yard to escape, the most fertilizing and nutritive parts of manure are lost, the essential salts are dispersed, and the decomposition of straw, cornstalks, and the litterings of the yard, is carried on much less rapidly and successfully. Experienced observation must have convinced every one that yards which are kept perfectly dry, will yield much less quantities of manure in proportion to the material fed out, than yards which retain their moisture. Where yards are in so sandy or porous a soil that all moisture speedily sinks into the earth, or is absorbed, it has in many places been found necessary to excavate the earth to a proper depth, and make it retentive by puddling or lining it with clay to a suitable thickness. The deeper the mass of manure in a yard is, the more valuable it becomes. The fermentation and decomposition of the materials is carried on more equably; the escape of the fertilizing gases is in a measure prevented, and by a less exposure of surface, it is less dried or bleached by atmospheric changes, than where spread over a greater extent. It is evident, therefore, that those who have yards with undefined boundaries, or which are as limitless as the highways, are following a course very detrimental to their true interests.

As to the proper application of manure, various opinions are, and of course will continue to be entertained among farmers. Such a result is to be expected from the diversities of soils, the crops sown or planted, the season of the year, and other causes which will be more or less operative. Particular rules for every soil, and every case, can never be given or expected; the judgment must be called in requisition, probabilities weighed, and experience largely consulted. As a general rule it may be remarked, that if the manure is fine, or fully rotted, the first crop succeeding its application will undoubtedly receive the most benefit; if long manure or unrotted straw, &c. is used, the second crop will in general be equally benefitted with the first. It is well known that some plants are gross feeders, or as other weeds, can scarcely be manured too high; of these, corn, hemp, ruta baga, and mangel wurtzel, are familiar instances. There are other plants, particularly the cereal and culmiferous ones, on which the immediate application of manure in large quantities has a pernicious effect, by causing too large a growth of straw, and a small and inferior berry. The proper course, therefore, would seem to be, to apply manure as a dressing for those crops which would derive the most benefit from its direct application. Thus, for instance, it is wished to sow a field with wheat in the fall—instead of summer fallowing and manuring for wheat alone, it might be better to manure the field thoroughly in the spring, turn it over carefully, and put on barley, or peas, or corn, if it is deemed advisable, though the last rarely comes off in sufficient season for sowing wheat. During the summer the turf is decomposed, the manure is perfectly incorporated with the soil, and when the land is, with a little labour, made ready for the reception of wheat, after the summer crop is removed, the profit of a crop which does not interfere injuriously with the production of wheat, and which not unfrequently amounts to a handsome sum, is added to the sum total of products of the farm. It cannot be too often repeated, or too deeply impressed upon the mind of the farmer, that to manure, clover, and plaster, he must look to the means of reinvigorating the soil, and the production of abundant crops.—*Monthly Genesee Farmer.*

Modes of preparing Food for Cattle.—1. Mix coarse straw and similar coarse materials with about one-third the quantity of hay; sprinkle over it a small quantity of brine; pass the whole through a cutting-machine, and feed it out in large deep troughs, and none of it will be wasted by being trodden under foot. A very large quantity may be prepared at a time if found convenient to do so.

2. Fill a large tight box with any desired quantity of chopped cornstalks, with about one-twenty-fifth part their bulk of coarsely ground meal mixed equally through them. Let steam pass into them from a boiler for an hour, and they will then form a most nutricious and palatable food for cattle, especially for milch cows. Or the meal may be boiled with a large quantity of water, and then poured, while boiling hot, upon the chopped food, without steaming. In both cases, a small quantity of salt should be sprinkled over them.

Every means of saving hay is of vital importance to the farmer, for it is far more pleasant to be able to sell hay at ten or fifteen dollars a ton, than to purchase it at that price to keep alive a herd of starving cattle.—*Monthly Genesee Farmer.*

Watering Places.—Every farmer should endeavour to provide a good watering place for his cattle; some are very inconveniently situated in this respect, and others neglect to improve the advantages they possess. Some farmers water their cattle at a pond or puddle, and when the snow and ice have accumulated, the poor animals have to reach down so far for the water, that they do not obtain half so much as they need. Many watering places might be improved by a large trough; even were a few days spent in turning or raising streams, or in fencing out a new watering place, it would be time well spent.

More depends on this business than farmers in general are aware of; cattle must have plenty of good water, or they will not keep in good condition. Where the water is inconvenient, the young, feeble, and *bashful*, (as Paddy would say) get but very little. If it be convenient, a trough should be set, with one end about a foot and a half, and the other, two or three feet from the ground; this will accommodate calves and sheep as well as oxen and horses. You should be as accommodating to your animals as was the carpenter to the feline race, when he made a large hole in the barn-door for the old cat, and a small one for the kitten; another advantage, when the snow is deep the water will be much more convenient by having one end of the trough high.

If your watering place be in a bleak situation, put some boards on the northern side, else Boreas, with his blasts, will drive your cattle away before they drink enough; they often shake their heads, and make up faces, which show their great dislike in having this windy old fellow puffing in their faces, and whistling around their ears.—*Yankee Farmer.*

To remove Spots of Grease or Pitch from Woollen Cloth.—In a pint of spring water dissolve an ounce of pure pearl-ash, adding to the solution a lemon cut in small slices. This being properly mixed, and kept in a warm state for two days, the whole must be strained and kept in a bottle for use. A little of this liquid poured on the stained part, is said instantaneously to remove all spots of grease, pitch, or oils, and the moment they disappear, the cloth is to be washed in clear water.—*Glasgow Mec. Mag.*

How to have Mince Pies any time.—Prepare your meat, by boiling and chopping, as though it were for immediate use; mix it with a suitable portion of suet, spice and salt; then put it in an earthen pot, pound it down with a pestle, and then cover it with the best of molasses; keep it where it will not freeze, and it will be fit for use any time. My wife has adopted the above course for four or five years, with perfect success; so that we have had mince pies made from meat killed in December, as constant in July following as in January, and quite as acceptable.—*Maine Farmer.*

Edward Vanderslice, DENTIST,

And Manufacturer of Improved Incorruptible Teeth,

BEGS leave to inform his friends and the public in general, he has taken the establishment No. 217 Walnut st. third door above Eighth, where he will perform all operations in the above profession at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

REFERENCE.

Dr. Granvil Sharp Pattison, Professor of Anatomy.
Dr. George W. McClellan, Professor of Surgery.
Dr. Samuel McClellan, Professor of Midwifery.
Dr. Jacob Green, Professor of Chemistry.
feb 27—6m

Trades and Professions.

PANORAMA of Professions and Trades, or Every Man's Book, published and for sale by Uriah Hunt, 101 Market street, with a large assortment of books, at the lowest prices. feb 27—3m

Removal.

E. P. Lescure,

HAS opened at the new store, No. 184 south-east corner of Market and Third streets, a very handsome assortment of Gold and Silver Patent Lever Watches, Lepine and Plain do do. Mantle Clocks, Silver Spoons, plated and Britannia Ware, together with a splendid assortment of fashionable Jewellery and Fancy Goods, which he offers at moderate prices.

Country Merchants will be dealt with liberally.
N. B.—Clocks and Watches repaired and warranted.
feb 27—6m

Pennsylvania Ice Company.

[illegible] that they have [illegible] as will secure to the citizens an abundance of Ice throughout the approaching season.

They have taken the most extensive establishments in the city and county of Philadelphia, which are now nearly filled with Schuylkill Ice, of an elegant appearance and superior quality.

As a portion of the Stock remains yet unsold, those persons who wish to avail themselves of the opportunity, can become subscribers by applying to any of the Managers, whose names and residences are subjoined:

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John F. Vaniser, Market st. above Schuylkill 4th st.
Robt. Brown, George st. 3d house west of Schuylkill 6th st.
M. E. Afflick, 7th st. near Green st.
Charles Alexander, 3 Franklin Place.
Henry Stark, Filbert st. 3d house west of Schuylkill 4th st.
Richard Jordan, N. W. corner 3d and Walnut sts.
R. Lowber, 2d st. above Vine.
G. G. West, 120 Christian st.
Col. C. K. Servoss, 2d above Arch st.
Lewis Dubosca, Broad st.
Robert D. Hart, No. 71 Market street.

The public may be assured that the Company is organized upon a firm and substantial basis, and there is [illegible] its success and permanency.

[illegible] the Borough will be attended to.

Communications on the subject of contracting to supply the Southern cities, may be addressed to any of the Managers, or the Secretary.

By order of the Board.
feb 6—3t

Of Interest to the Community.

THE superior METALLINE RECORD INK, the result of a series of successful experiments—chemically adapted to the use of Metallic or Quill Pens, used in Counting-Rooms & Public Institutions;

Is manufactured by the sole proprietors of the original recipe of a celebrated German chemist, and for sale by them at No. 25 Minor street, Philadelphia. feb 13—1m

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

Devoted to Literature, Science, History, Biography, the Drama, Agriculture, Amusements, and the current News of the day.

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The proprietor and those by whom he has been assisted in the publication of the Post, have laboured, from year to year, to give additional interest to the paper, by availing themselves of every possible improvement, and the continued accession of names to the subscription list, affords ample evidence that they have not laboured in vain. These progressive exertions are still continued, and the publisher is induced to expect that the Post for the current year will present still stronger claims for public patronage than it did during the past. Arrangements have been made, by which the services of several able writers have been secured for its columns, and additional expense has been incurred, with the view of placing before the reader every possible facility for preparing an acceptable sheet.

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In preparing the weekly summary of news, great care is taken to condense the details into as short a space as possible, in order to furnish a greater variety. The paper is printed with great facility and speed, on a power press worked by steam, but the publisher is now procuring a newly-invented apparatus, which will print double the number of sheets in the same time.

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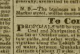

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